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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK	785	"On Some Old-fashioned Phrases." By a Rustic Bookman and the Writer of the Article	803
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		"Sampling the Mountains." By A. H. M. L.	803
The New Shift in German Politics	788	A Protest. By F. W. Lockwood	804
The Ideal of a University	789	Another. By F. W. Lockwood	804
The Condemnation of the "Sillon"	790	An Aged Minister. By R. W. J.	805
Harmsworth at Home and Abroad	792	The Motor Race and Land Monopoly. By C. W. Sorensen	805
CONTEMPORARIES:—		Liberalism and Canada. By A. F. P.	805
The Philosophy of William James. By the Hon. Bertrand Russell	793	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Ode to the Sun (from Rossetti's "Chaucer"). By H. Lionel Rogers	805
A New Conscriptio	794	THE WORLD OF BOOKS	806
A Master of Pleasure	795	REVIEWS:—	
The Respite	796	The Evolution of Christian Dogma	807
The Stone-Dwellers	797	China at the Cross roads	808
SHORT STUDIES:—		The History of Tariffs	809
Barque d'Amour. By Edward Thomas	798	Round the World in Corduroys	810
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—		The Rock Garden Rampant	811
The Kaiser and the Nation. By Edward Bernstein	799	Death and Sport	811
COMMUNICATIONS:—		Copybook Art	812
The Conference—A Suggestion. By Laurence Gomme	800	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Poems of Cynewulf	813
The Land-Value Form. By B. C. H.	802	Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them	813
"Eugenics and Social Reform." By C. Roden Buxton, M.P., and Eugenist	802	Eusebia Palladino and Her Phenomena	814
Another Prediction. By Joshua Brookes	802	The Amazons	814
The Lock-out at Cradley Heath. By Gertrude M. Tuckwell	803	The Beautiful Queen Joanna I. of Naples	814
		Nature Teaching on the Blackboard	814
		The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs	814
		The Monthly Reviews	816
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Janus	816

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

WE discuss elsewhere the remarkable speech which the Kaiser delivered at Königsberg after two years of an almost penitential silence. After a passage in which he ascribed a rather unhistorical prominence to Frederick William I. and Queen Louise in the national struggle against the first Napoleon, he went on to deduce from their virtue a militarist moral for German men and an anti-suffragist moral for German women, winding up with an avowal of his own determination, as "an instrument in the hands of God," to go his own way regardless of public opinion. The inevitable storm in the German Press followed this apparent declaration of absolutism. The Chancellor, instead of rebuking it, has defended it and added a gloss which contains a fresh defiance of public opinion. In a little speech at Marienburg the Kaiser made some attempt to tone down his assertion of divine right into a religious commonplace, but he added an appeal for the unity of all patriotic and religious Germans, which reads like an attempt to revive the strategy of the last General Election. The incident brings grist to the Socialist mill. The National Liberals are painfully embarrassed and the "Kölnische Zeitung," after passing through a more critical phase, is now disposed to be mollified.

On Sunday Mr. John Redmond made one of his challenging speeches at Kilkenny, the chief point of which is a distinct warning to the Government that a

successful issue to the Veto Conference must be followed by Home Rule. A possible result would be an arrangement whereby measures passed by substantial majorities in the Commons should become law in the same Parliament, in spite of the action of the House of Lords. This points to the intervention of some such body as the Joint Committee of the two Houses which we discussed last week. Mr. Redmond's objections on constitutional grounds to such a settlement would probably be less grave than those of the Radical and the Labor parties; but he made it quite clear that he expected from it "the almost immediate concession of Home Rule by the first friendly House of Commons." If this were not secured, there would be "utter and instant destruction" of the Liberal party for a generation. This, of course, means that, while Mr. Redmond does not expect a Home Rule Bill without a further reference to the country, he does expect that it will be the main subject of the next general election, and the first Bill of any Liberal Government issuing from it

SIR WILFRID LAURIER's speeches in the Canadian West bear further evidence of the pressure of the anti-tariff movement on Ministerial policy. At Alberta, on Thursday, he declared that Canada was ready to negotiate a new treaty with the States, stated that such an instrument would not endanger the British preference, and said that Canada would never ask Great Britain to change her trade policy. But the most specific repudiation of the British Protectionist plea of Canadian pressure for a reversion to Protection, was made on Tuesday at Nelson, when he said:—

"It is not the policy of the Canadian Government to ask Great Britain to change her fiscal policy one iota. We make our own fiscal arrangements to suit our own interests, and so it is with Great Britain. I have heard it said that unless Great Britain gave Canada some mutual tariff arrangement there was danger of an estrangement of our Dominion. This is an insult to the Canadian people. Let the world know that the loyalty of Canada to the British Empire, of which she is proud to be a part, is not dependent on any tariff agreement."

This should kill the "protect-or-lose-the-Colonies" argument at a blow.

Two Englishmen, called Brandon and Trench, have been arrested by the German authorities on the Island of Borkum, apparently in the act of taking photographs of the fortifications on that island, which guard the entrance to the inlet of the Dollart, on the Frisian coast. Practically they are charged with being spies, and a statement is current, both here and in Germany, that they are British officers. English correspondents also declare that rough sketches of fortresses, both in Borkum and on the more northerly island of Wangeroog, have been found in their possession, and state that they refused their names and addresses, and have given no available references. This may be an exaggeration, and flashy journalism, or mere tourists' imprudence, may have been alone responsible for the arrests. But the continued imprisonment of the two men is suspicious, and public opinion here may have to prepare itself for an incident of some seriousness.

THE terms on which Korea has been annexed to Japan were published on Monday. The ancient Empire becomes a Japanese province under the title of Chosen. There are vague promises of good treatment, but nothing is said as to the system under which it is to be governed—whether it may ever expect Home Rule, whether it will send members to the Japanese Diet, whether its citizens are to enjoy the full privileges and burdens of Japanese subjects. One might have supposed that the hapless Koreans had nothing to lose by ceasing to be "protected" by Japan, were it not for the example of Formosa, which goes to show that an alien population has nothing to gain by being annexed. It is possible, however, that we may now hear less of the expropriation of Korean farmers to make way for Japanese settlers, and less of those "battles" with rebels in which the casualties were all on the Korean side.

For the moment the Japanese have shown magnanimity. Jingo demonstrations and Maffickings were repressed in Tokyo out of regard for the feelings of the Koreans, and the royal family has been placated by titles and subsidies. To the foreign trader, out of deference to British representations, a term of grace has been allowed. He loses, indeed, at once the protection of the Consular courts. But the existing tariffs will be maintained for ten years alike against Japanese and foreign trade. Our imports from Korea are practically *nil*, and our exports (chiefly cottons) do not exceed £600,000 a year. The arrangement resembles the Tunisian bargain, by which the coming of the inevitable was staved off for a term of years. The "open door" has been closed, but our merchants will have time to pack their trunks and escape quietly before it bangs behind them.

THE General Election in Portugal has been held under conditions that suggest something of reality and an awakened public interest. The dead and the absent apparently voted in less overwhelming numbers than usual, and in the towns at least the living were well represented at the polls. It would be rash to assert that the elections even approximated to an honest test of public opinion, but evidently they came nearer to that ideal than is usual in Portugal. The result is, however, normal, and shows, of course, a sufficient majority for the Government—a proof, indeed, that it used no excessive pressure, but rather the exact minimum which skill and experience dictate. At present the known results give Ministerialists 92, Monarchist Opposition Coalition 49, Republicans 14. The Republicans are elated by their success, and seem to imagine that it may tempt the young King Manoel to dissolve the Chamber at once and put an Opposition Ministry in power to conduct a fresh test of public opinion.

THEIR success, striking as it was in Lisbon and other towns, is, however, hardly decisive. Interesting it undoubtedly is, for it would seem to imply a certain complaisance towards Republicanism on the part of the Liberal Government. The fact would seem to be that the Liberal Ministry allowed Republican candidates to be fairly elected, while it imposed a wholesome limit on the numbers of the Opposition, which is an amalgam of Clericals, Franquist and Orthodox Conservatists. In a country, where over 80 per cent. of the population is illiterate, it is unlikely that a Clericalist Opposition could really have so few supporters as these returns would seem to show. In general, the situation resembles rather closely that which prevails in Spain, and the Govern-

ment is expected to play for Republican support by inaugurating an anti-clerical policy with such harmless test questions as the establishment of civil marriage.

THE Pope, in a long Encyclical, has pronounced his expected condemnation of the Catholic democratic associations known as the "Sillon," conducted by M. Marc Sangnier. Thus Pius X. has shattered the last fragments of the French policy of his predecessor, which was built on friendship with the Republic, the divorce of the Church from association with royalist factions, and the cautious encouragement of such a movement of Catholic democracy as that led by M. Sangnier, who was a personal favorite of the late Pope. The "Sillon" had, of course, nothing to do with modernism, for M. Sangnier was an organiser and enthusiast rather than a thinker. His character, fervid but full of charm and grace, was of the highest, and his personal influence over French middle-class youth, who are not inclined to abandon Catholicism, was very remarkable. We describe elsewhere the effects of this important decision, which almost puts an end to the hope of retaining France as a country possessing a definitely Christian creed.

AN article by Lord Esher in the "National Review" has caused some sensation. It hints at a definite failure of the Territorials, because, in the second year of the existence of the force, it is not able to provide the 60,000 men annually necessary in order to fill the reserve. Lord Esher adds to this statement the reflection that democracy shows a growing objection to voluntary service. So far as we know, it shows a still stronger objection to forced service, as the advocates of conscription will, in due time, discover. But what truth is there in the suggestion as applied to this country? The people of these islands, an industrial folk, maintain and man of their free choice (a) the greatest navy the world has ever seen; (b) the only great expeditionary army, fitted for and accustomed to service in the most distant and unhealthy parts of the world; (c) admittedly a larger and better-equipped force for home defence (already close upon 300,000 men) than were the Volunteers whom it superseded. Are about a million soldiers and sailors a small free-will offering of the people of the Empire to the armed service of the State?

ON Wednesday the aged Professor Bonney, the new President of the British Association, delivered a wonderfully minute address on the Ice Age in Western Europe at the meeting at Sheffield. The address, remarkable for its knowledge, was balancing in theory, its chief point being Professor Bonney's practical refusal to decide between rival explanations of the end of the Ice Age in Great Britain. The first view is that the Ice flowed out to the North and Irish Seas over islands standing at a much higher level than to-day. The moraines of these great moving glaciers were represented by the boulder clays; the sands and gravels were deposited in lakes. The second theory is that Great Britain and Ireland were broken up by the ice flow into a cluster of hilly islands, swept by strong tides from the great Atlantic, while the rest of the land gradually sank beneath the sea till the depth of water over the eastern side of England was 500 feet, and over the western nearly 1,400 feet. These theories, and a compromise between the two, were impartially stated by the Professor. Association Science has lost its old dogmatic note.

THE most important of the sectional addresses has

been Sir H. Llewellyn Smith's powerful examination of the lines of insurance against unemployment. The paper presents in scientific form the main conclusions on this vital subject sketched out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Taking as his main thesis that what he called the "growing social concern for the maintenance of stability" was a sound one, and that the elimination of certain risks of unemployment was a proper national function, he defined with great skill those classes of risks of unemployment which he considered "insurable." These were, in the main, "periodic fluctuations of trade," many "industrial changes," and some "personal causes." Such personal causes were the increasing liability to unemployment owing to advancing age. On the other hand, risks due to the personal act of the workmen—such as bad or casual work and drunken habits—or to exceptional physical or mental deficiencies ("unemployability") were as distinctly not insurable. On the whole, he concluded that the insurable risks largely exceeded the uninsurable elements in the groups of trades—building, engineering, and shipbuilding—which he selected for experiment; and that the scheme must provide an "automatic discrimination" between these two classes.

* * *

On these principles Sir H. Llewellyn Smith fixed the following outlines for a scheme of national insurance against unemployment:—

- (1) The scheme must be both compulsory and contributory, requiring both a *minimum* contribution and a *maximum* limit to benefit.
- (2) The benefit must not approach ordinary wage rates.
- (3) The scheme should first be applied to those trade groups which for various reasons contain a large insurable element. These groups should be large, and extend throughout the United Kingdom.
- (4) The financial basis should be a State subvention and guarantee, aided by contributions from the trades affected.
- (5) Two special aims would be to encourage regular as against casual labor, and to ensure co-operation between the State organisation and the existing voluntary bodies.

* * *

ON Saturday last the Clarendon Press issued a volume containing the reports of the Committees of the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford University, appointed to consider the proposals of reform initiated by Lord Curzon a couple of years ago. The changes suggested are, in Lord Curzon's words, "evolutionary and not revolutionary." Under them Convocation loses some of its powers of obstruction. A measure carried by a two-thirds majority in Congregation could only be vetoed in Convocation if opposed by two-thirds of the voters. Other features and consequences of the report are the statement that the bursars are considering schemes for the reduction of college expenses; a platonic hope that young men of wealth will refuse to accept scholarships and thus open the door to a class of poorer students; the rejection of the idea of a poor man's college; the continued exclusion of women from degrees; the abolition of compulsory Greek; and a proposal for a diploma "specially suitable for candidates contemplating a commercial career." We deal at length with the report in our leader columns.

* * *

THE reports of Mr. Roosevelt's tour in the Western States declare that he is carrying all before him. He is

wielding the big stick with a certain human recklessness which appears to please his audience. In one of his speeches he even denounced the Judges of the Supreme Court as "fossilised"—a deserved but unconventional retort upon some of their recent decisions in labor cases. On Wednesday he returned, with all his old faith in words, to his old theme of the control of the trusts. Congress is to pass laws to prevent the trusts from bribing it, and having thus ensured its own honesty, is to supervise their finance, more especially that of the railways. From the remedy of national ownership he still shrinks. The tariff is once more to be revised—this time honestly. In one sentence he creates "an expert Tariff Commission wholly removed from the possibility of political pressure and of improper business influence." That point conceded, the confident periods roll on. It is difficult to feel that it means anything at all, save that Mr. Roosevelt is in high spirits. Meanwhile, in New York State his friends are determined to force a conflict with the "Old Guard," by putting him up for nomination against Mr. Sherman as Chairman of the State Republican Convention. Each faction is confident, and nothing is certain save that the Democrats must gain by the split.

* * *

WE regret to record the death of Professor William James, the brother of Henry James and son of a hardly less distinguished man, the Rev. Henry James of New York. Like his brother, Mr. James had powers of mind and expression which lent themselves powerfully to the analysis of the moral and intellectual life of his time. Both on psychology and philosophic theory, Professor James wrote as a great literary man, as a practical student of human life, hardly less searching than Schopenhauer, and wider and more genial in his sympathies; and as a free and daring theorist, playing over the whole field of thought. His fame here, and in France, was almost as great as that which he enjoyed in his own country. He thus compares with Emerson, to whom he was inferior in poetic feeling and moral fervor, while approaching him in flexibility and subtlety of mind.

* * *

WE observe that the "Times" of this (Friday) morning contains, not, indeed, a correction of its original charges that Mr. Gokhale, in speaking of the Mackarness pamphlet in the Imperial Council, "left it and its charges without a word of support," but a proof of their baselessness. It now quotes the full text of Mr. Gokhale's observations, in the course of which he says:—

"The worst case in which the powers of the Act have been clearly misapplied is to my mind that of Mr. Mackarness's pamphlet. Mr. Mackarness had sent me a copy when the pamphlet was issued, and I had also seen the articles as they had first appeared in THE NATION. (I can understand the objection that Mr. Mackarness had made a one-sided presentment of the case, or that he had not done justice to the efforts which the Government have really been making in the matter of police reform. But that only means that someone else should have published a pamphlet in reply.) Had anyone told me before the pamphlet was proscribed that the Government contemplated applying the provisions of the Press Act, I should have declined to believe the statement. And now that the pamphlet has actually been proscribed, I can only regard the action taken with deep humiliation and pain."

We recommend this judgment to Mr. Montagu. He should know that Mr. Gokhale is the greatest living Indian statesman, whose part in the shaping of the Morley reforms and their commendation to the people of India was of the first importance.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW SHIFT IN GERMAN POLITICS.

AFTER two years of commonplace and discretion the Kaiser has spoken once more. It is one of those speeches which a historian, when he comes to reconstruct the circumstances in which it was delivered, will find a baffling and inordinate puzzle. The process by which Republican Rome came to tolerate or rather to welcome a Divus Augustus is not at all difficult to follow. The weariness of civil war, the burden of a world-wide Empire, the decimation of the aristocracy, the dilution of the democracy by a slave population of Eastern origin, the destruction of the yeoman class—all of these are explanations which render intelligible the servility of the Senate and the loyalism of the mob. But this astonishing proclamation of the divine right of Kings in a country governed by universal suffrage, in an epoch of peace and an age of scientific reason, with a democracy regimented in the Socialist ranks for its sardonic audience—what does it mean? The speech can hardly be a hasty or accidental utterance. It marched, with a certain inevitable logic, from its first sentence to its defiant close. It opened, like the famous announcement that the Emperor William I. enjoyed, like Moses and Hamurabi, a full measure of divine inspiration, with a tribute to his ancestors. It insisted that Frederick William I. was King "by the Grace of God alone, and not by Parliaments, meetings of the people, or popular decisions." It diverged by way of a eulogy of Queen Louise into an attack on woman suffrage, and combined the quaintly inconsistent advice that women should confine themselves to "the quiet work of the home and the family," with an appeal to them to teach their children to "stake all their powers of mind and body upon the good of the Fatherland." Midway came an incitement to the military spirit, and, consistently enough, the peroration was a statement that the Kaiser is himself "an instrument of the Lord," who will "go his own way without heeding the views and opinions of the day." From first to last the oration was a voice from the Middle Ages. There is nothing surprising about it save that it was not uttered in super-grammatical Latin to a conclave of Prince-Bishops and Teutonic Knights.

The English reader is tempted to interpret such utterances as the personal idiosyncrasy of an impulsive and romantic Emperor. But it is hard to conceive of the Kaiser as a Prussian Don Quixote, fired with the reading of old romances. The romances which allure him date so obviously from the nineteenth century. It is not from the Middle Ages that he draws his inspiration, but from the periods of the two great Prussian struggles against the two Napoleons. A glance at the recent Parliamentary history of Germany supplies the clue. When Prince Bülow succeeded in putting the closure on the Kaiser's oratory, and dressed him for a time in the disguise of a constitutional Sovereign, who tamely reads aloud the speeches which his Chancellor has been pleased to approve, he was engaged in the impossible task of maintaining a Liberal-Conservative coalition. He was at war at once with the Clericals and the Socialists. He could hope to control the Reichstag

only by including in his permanent majority not merely the National Liberals, but the Radicals as well. The watchword of the day was still a middle-class concentration. It was a necessary condition of that alliance that the Kaiser should refrain from utterances that would force the reluctant Liberals for very shame to ally themselves with the Socialists in public protests against "personal rule." Prince Bülow held office long enough to see his painfully constructed "Bloc" dissolved. His successor has taken no pains to conciliate democratic sentiment. His first speech on the Prussian Franchise crisis was an exaltation of the ideal of a supreme bureaucracy which goes its way indifferent to the gusts of public opinion, and a flat repudiation of the possibility of responsible Parliamentary Government in the German Empire. One need not suppose that it is either the weakness of a timid statesman or the servility of an abject courtier which has led him to "explain" the Kaiser's speech in terms which constitute a new offence. The Kaiser has a temperament to which much is forgiven when a nation is in a mood to smile. But when a Chancellor, who has in his character no trace of sentiment or romance, thinks it wise to sneer at "the fiction of Parliamentary Government depending on a fluctuating vote or on the absolutism of the masses, of whom the Constitution knows nothing," we may well conclude that the Kaiser has been unmuzzled of set purpose. He is an asset to all the forces of reaction.

The plain truth is that the Monarch who conceives himself to be "an instrument in the hands of the Lord" is rather a tool in the hands of the agrarians and the great armaments' interest. Behind the almost unintelligible phenomenon of a Kaiser who talks medievalism in modern Germany lies the more practical and familiar fact of a coalition of forces which can survive only with the aid of this absolutist doctrine. There is no romantic reaction in Germany. What there is is a tolerably clear movement on the part of the landed classes and the industrialists who live by armaments to utilise national sentiment for their own purposes. The trend of events during the last six months under the rather tactless guidance of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has been only too apparent. The more Liberal members alike of the Imperial and the Prussian Ministries have left the sinking ship. By-elections in a constant series betray the growth of the Socialist power. The welcome of the middle-class press to the suggestion of a naval understanding with Great Britain seemed to show that "Hurrah-Patriotism" is exhausted as an electioneering cry. In every city of the Empire the revolt of the householder against the excessive cost of living menaces the dominion of the agrarians. In such a situation there is hardly a choice between surrender and battle. Reluctant, timid, and ill-organised though the Liberal forces may be, they could not hope to survive the next General Election if they were to give to the new Chancellor the support which they bartered to his predecessor. The concession of an equal franchise in Prussia, some relief from the burdens of the tariff, some shifting of the load of taxation to the shoulders of the ruling class, some check to the mad competition of

navies—those are the indispensable conditions which any party that calls itself Radical must now be prepared to make. But to make these concessions would shatter the whole fabric of bureaucracy. One can only infer from the general tenor of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's conduct of affairs that he has no thought of facing such concessions as these. Unable to buy Radical support, he has turned to the Centre and the Conservatives.

We do not imagine that the Kaiser's speech is on his part a fully conscious manœuvre. But it is a symptom which seems to show that the rulers of Germany are no longer sensitive to Liberal criticism, and no longer apprehensive of losing Liberal votes. The Radicals are already to be reckoned to a party of opposition. The doubtful factor is the more considerable National Liberal party, which long since shed its Free Trade doctrines, and disputes with the Conservatives themselves in its aggressive Imperialism. It retains however, some vestiges of its Constitutional Liberalism, and the effect of this speech and the Chancellor's gloss upon it must be to make it a little harder for it in the future to maintain its usual complaisance towards the dominant tendencies of the day. The omens point to an ever sharpening conflict, in which even the most compromising group will be forced to take its stand firmly for or against the popular side. The value of such speeches as this Königsberg declaration is that they present the issue in all its nakedness and width. It is no longer a series of skirmishes which is being waged here over the Prussian Franchise, there over the cost of living, and again round Byzantinism and personal rule. The battle turns on all these strategical points at once, and the masses are being rallied alike by the generalship of their friends and the follies of their foes in a united phalanx which recognises as its enemies the whole reactionary coalition. It is a campaign which moves slowly, but it gathers as it moves a growing momentum, and exhibits the restraint of men who know that the decisive moment approaches.

THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY.

THE elaborate new model for the government of Oxford University which the Hebdomadal Council has put forward under the guidance of Lord Curzon, may best be described as an essay in preventive reform. It is an appeal by the Opportunist to the Conservative, an effort to induce a proud but inert organisation to adapt itself in self-defence to the pressure of modern forces which must, sooner or later, in default of such an effort, impose change and reform from without. Twice in the last century Royal Commissions broke in upon the academic slumbers of Oxford to enforce a reconstruction which she would not herself undertake. It is the dread of some fresh interruption in her tranquil and self-centred evolution which supplies the motive for these suggested changes. The scheme bears the marks of its origin. One may consider the reform of a University from the standpoint of those who find themselves debarred in effect from its privileges. One may also think of a University chiefly as a national institution which ought to fill a certain place as the apex and culmination

of an educational system. It is from neither of these angles that the Council has surveyed the present needs of Oxford. It has aimed at "reform from within," and its standpoint is that of men whose station is in the hearth and centre of the institution which they desire to reform. Their scheme, in a word, is a teacher's project. Its chief aim is to concentrate the government of the University in the hands of the men who do the actual work of teaching. Its principal concern has been to reconstruct its constitutional machinery with this avowed end before it. There is a case for such a process of reform as this. But it would be a mistake to assume that "reform from without" and "reform from within" are exclusive alternatives. The changes which commend themselves especially to the man who has passed his life within the University, bred in its traditions, trained to think of the needs and habits of those who at present enter its doors, may be salutary and necessary. The organism of a University stands in need of a periodic adaptation from within. But there are other changes for which we should naturally look to men whose outlook has been formed by a wider experience. In two concrete particulars the Council's report betrays a Conservatism less enlightened than Lord Curzon's. It ignores even his timid proposal to admit women to degrees, while excluding them from the governing bodies of which male graduates are members. It definitely rejects his suggestion for the creation of a working-men's college, or a poor man's college. Reform from within represents a struggle towards administrative efficiency by increasing the powers of the teacher and limiting the powers of the mass of the graduates. Reform from without must start, when it comes, with the problem of breaking down what remains of the privilege of class and sex in our Universities. A scheme of reform which is content to leave the women students of the University in a position as anomalous as it is insulting, conveys to the least critical outsider a warning of its own limitations.

There is little difficulty in singling out, amid the multifarious proposals of a most comprehensive report, the centre of the whole contention. The abolition of Greek as a compulsory subject is a matter on which public opinion, alike inside the University and without it, has reached a clear and nearly unanimous decision. It is a necessary corollary to the recognition of history and the natural sciences as studies which deserve to stand on a level with the old "humanities." Equally inevitable are the various proposals that aim at making the University a real and powerful organism dominating and absorbing the colleges. The isolated college, in so far as it has survived successive reforms, perpetuated the old medieval ideal of a monastic school busied upon the routine of teaching. Paradoxical though it seems, it is only a University with a centralised organisation which can arrange adequately for specialised studies, and plan its systematic campaigns to extend the frontiers of knowledge and develop the work of research. But the main battle turns not upon the place of Greek in the curriculum, nor even on the status of the colleges, but upon the relatively bold proposal of the Council for a constitutional reform. The Council, if this scheme is adopted, will become an elected organ of the teaching staff. The Congregation, destined gradually to lose

these resident graduates who do not teach, and to gain active members of the academic staff who are non-resident, will be the mass assembly of the teachers. To the Council, with the newly constituted Faculties, will fall the administrative, to the Congregation the legislative, work of the University. Convocation, the assembly of the graduates, remains indeed the ultimate court of appeal. But its powers will now be limited by the proposal that any statute which has secured a two-thirds majority of the Congregation may be vetoed only by a two-thirds majority of Convocation. Here rather than in the concrete reforms themselves lies the importance of the Council's scheme. It opens the roads of the future. It removes an obstacle to reform which in the history of the University has been as disastrous as the veto of the Peers in the life of the nation. Convocation has been for long centuries the conservative force at Oxford. Project after project of reform which had won the suffrages of the active members of the University has been swamped by the votes of the country clergymen and schoolmasters whose pass-degrees and fees have placed them on the register. Every prejudice, social, academic, and clerical, has found its inert but immovable defender in Convocation, and generations of satire and agitation have left it what it always was—the reserve army of reaction. The resolute reformer would prefer to sweep it away and abolish its veto, and this assuredly would be the first reform which a Royal Commission would recommend. Lord Curzon has offered the academic "backwoodsmen" a middle course. If they adopt it, they will indeed surrender a substantial part of their powers. But they will stave off what academic opinion chiefly dreads—the irruption of the reformer from outside. For our part, we shall await their decision with equanimity. If they reject this preventive scheme of reform, the way is open and the necessity is clear for a larger and more constructive scheme. If they accept it, then at least a period of opportunity begins for the reformers within the University. The new Constitution, on the other hand, gives too large and unrestricted a power to the teaching staff. There is much to be said for the Scottish system which admits to the University Court representatives elected by the general body of graduates, and also by the Municipality of the city in which the University has its seat. The governing body of a University ought not to be a close academic corporation, which may divine, but does not represent, the needs of the lay world beyond its gates.

A reverent critic will beware, when he handles the politics of Oxford, of applying to her the reasonings which he would address to other Universities. It is not her place to adapt herself anxiously and with a certain deference, as the younger Universities must do, to the needs of a utilitarian age. Her use is that she stands above use. There are schools enough to meet the demand for the teaching of applied science and the harnessing of theory to daily wants. One regrets that the Council has so far bent to the new tendency as to propose to inaugurate a commercial course. Such novelties, admirable in themselves, are better left to Manchester and Birmingham and the London School of Economics. The priceless heritage of Oxford is her

devotion to a disinterested ideal of learning. The day is long since passed when Oxford and Cambridge were the only English Universities. Their function to-day should not be to compete with younger rivals which in some sense incarnate the spirit of the great industrial towns, but rather to specialise in their own humaner duties. The wise reformer will not complain that Oxford differs from Birmingham in the studies which she favors and the aim which she inculcates. He will rather direct his criticism to her social exclusiveness. Some suggestions, indeed, there are in this report that the cost of living and the cost of education should be reduced, that young men of ample means ought not to accept scholarships of which they are not in need, and that exhibitions should be available for a greater number of poor students. But general recommendations, however well-meaning, are rarely of much avail. In spite of all that has been attempted of late years, we are hardly nearer in England than we were when Thomas Hardy wrote "Jude the Obscure," to the generous democracy which has for long generations opened the Scottish Universities to any lad, however poor, who combined courage and perseverance with ability and the love of study. So long as the University is content to spend so great a part of its funds and its energies on providing a beggarly elementary education for passmen who seek within it only a certain social prestige, and a life of social sports and pleasures, so long will it fail to reach the special place which it ought to hold in the nation's life. Its destined evolution, in a country where every great centre of population now boasts a local university, would naturally be to eliminate its pass schools, and to develop exclusively its honors schools and its research courses. It recruits every year a larger proportion of its students from Colonial and local Universities. For them, as well as for its own scholars, the special advantages of a post-graduate school should be open. It is too exclusively a finishing school for the sons of the governing class, and too little an organisation for a nation's study and research. A university is first of all a place for the completion of a liberal education and for the pursuit of professional studies. But there its duty does not end. It stands for the organised pursuit of the theoretic life.

THE CONDEMNATION OF THE "SILLON."

THE Pope's encyclical letter condemning the "Sillon" is of considerable importance as illustrating the consequences of the momentous Pontificate of Pius X. The "Sillon" movement has never been sufficiently recognised in England. Yet it is one of the most interesting manifestations of latter-day Catholicism, and the nobility of its founder's character, and the unusual charm of his personality, added distinction to the very notable religious revival of which he was the centre and inspiration. Let us trace its history in brief. Early in the 'nineties, M. Marc Sangnier, the founder of the "Sillon," was a youth of seventeen or eighteen, qualifying at the Collège Stanislas, in Paris, for the Ecole Polytechnique. He there promised to be a man of great personal magnetism. He grouped a number of his school-

fellows in an association called the "Crypt," from a room in the college basement where they used to meet, and his ideals ran quickly through the susceptible soil in which the young enthusiast planted them. They were substantially what they are to-day—namely, a moral, intellectual, and even economic advancement of democracy through Catholicism. No one can see and talk to M. Sangnier, as the writer has done, without falling under the spell of his deep piety and singular freshness and depth of feeling. What he was to his schoolfellows he soon grew to be to the Catholic youth of France. He became an officer in the artillery, but left the army to devote himself entirely to his mission. A man of considerable fortune, he spent it on his work, living personally the simplest of lives. His success was immediate. In five or six years "Sillon" associations existed in every French province, and almost in every French town. The members belonged to every class, including a large proportion of young officers and public school professors. But M. Sangnier's main following, especially in Paris, consisted of city clerks, educated by the Christian Brothers, or by the undenominational schools of the same standing. Here his broad, sympathetic propaganda spread rapidly among a class generally marked as frivolous and superficial. Those who had the good fortune to hear him address some such audiences, and answer objections, will not easily forget his simple eloquence and his touching belief in the Christian solutions of the problems he studied. No Catholic since the days of Lacordaire has possessed equal power, or more deserved it.

The adherents of the "Sillon" met everywhere in debating societies, in which they examined the religious and social problems of the day. For more than ten years they put politics aside, but they remained uniformly Republicans in tendency. They believed that the best chance for Christianity lay in the Republican form, and that Republican ideals could only be brought to perfection exclusively by men resolved to promote them in the religious spirit. This attitude led to shyness in royalist and ultra-conservative circles. But a powerful friend appeared in Leo XIII., with whose French policy the "Sillon" was in general harmony. He saw M. Sangnier, and the diplomatist admired the young Frenchman's talents and gifts, while the Churchman approved his orthodoxy. If anybody had prophesied eight years ago that Marc Sangnier and his friends were to be condemned by the Holy See, he would have been regarded as a madman.

In truth, however, the condemnation promulgated on August 30th is only a development of the policy adopted in Rome a year or two after the election of the present Pope. Its characteristics have been a universal doctrinal reaction, and an assertion of authority in almost every controversial subject. As the old Conservative advisers discarded by Leo XIII. regained favor, the "Sillon" lost it. Gradually it became imprudent to profess democratic or Republican opinions, while it was orthodox to state emphatically the indifference of the Church towards mere forms of government, while incidentally remarking on her monarchical constitution. Many of the French Bishops took the

hint, and cold-shouldered the "Sillon" Republican leagues, while smiling on the Royalist associations. The latter promptly saw their chance, and, on various occasions placarded with impunity statements that Sangnier was a traitor and a renegade. Two or three years ago a few Bishops prohibited first their priests and then their faithful from joining the "Sillon." Finally a journalist on the "Libre Parole," one M. Monriot, wrote to all the members of the French Episcopate, asking their opinion on the "Sillon." Some twenty gave him the answers he wanted. But a minority protested. The Archbishops of Albi and Rouen and four Bishops publicly refused to follow their brethren. Archbishop Mignot pleaded for the "Sillon" in two widely circulated letters to Cardinal Andrieu, and pointed out that the real principle at issue was the liberty of Catholics in matters of opinion. Such language had not been heard in the Church of France for many years, and the sensation it created was profound. On his side M. Sangnier acted with great moderation. He declared in a general congress of his friends that henceforward the "Sillon" would interest itself exclusively in secular matters—political or economic—and so the reproach that it dealt with theology without accepting theological guidance lost even the appearance of truth. But neither concession nor protest averted the blow.

The Encyclical on the "Sillon" consists of two parts. One, very short, cuts off the "Sillon" branches from M. Sangnier's authority, and places them immediately under episcopal jurisdiction. The other, filling eight or ten columns of the newspapers, was a real "act of accusation." It would be useless to enter into a detailed analysis of this document; it will be enough to point out its tone and spirit. Like the Encyclical against the Modernists and the more recent document to which the German Protestants took such exception, the style of this letter is more than vehement—and borders on violence. The Pope, of course, does not write his Encyclicals himself, but he dictates notes from which they are worked, and the tone adopted by the secretaries is clearly an echo of the Pontiff's own. The Encyclical insists that two dogmas at least are jeopardised by the "Sillon," one, the dogma of authority, and the other what, in default of a better phrase, we may call the dogma of inequality. The Pope solemnly anathematizes the principle of the Republican constitution, which the Holy See constantly affects to respect in practice. The Encyclical condemns as totally subversive of all authority the idea that the power enjoyed by the rulers of a nation is conferred upon them by the nation itself. Now, this is the principle of every democracy which ultimately refers to the common consent not only the individuals who govern, but the laws they enact. It may not be the system more agreeable to Rome, but it is no less a system maintained in countries with which the Pope nominally lives in peace and amity. It is difficult to see how this condemnation can be reconciled with the presence of nuncios in the United States and the American Republics.

A familiar doctrine of the "Sillon" was that the distinction of society into classes or castes ought, as far as possible, to end. M. Sangnier had tried, like many others, to think out means of gradually raising men to

the dignity of masters, and subjects to the dignity of rulers. Everybody knows what these formulas mean in the mouth of a French idealist, full of sympathy with the hopes of the people, and anxious to give them a religious and moral significance. But they provoked the Pope exceedingly. There should be classes, there should be rich and poor, there should be ignorant people and learned people. To endeavor to abolish these distinctions was to go against the divine plan. All that could be done for the people had been done already, by various great Bishops and great Kings, whom the Encyclical did not designate more clearly. The whole social question was dismissed by comprehensive reference to an anonymous past. People who know recent Papal history will be less readily satisfied, and will remember that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was put on the Index by Pius IX., and that Rome in 1860 was as averse from the abolition of slavery as she is to-day from a reform of industrialism. In brief, the Encyclical was conceived and written in a purely medieval spirit. It insists that the Church of which it speaks is all powerful, and that the solution of all political and social problems can only come from her. The Revolution and the modern spirit are enemies, and it is once more proclaimed that Protestant nations cannot be moral. A portrait of Christ is attempted, but it is the portrait of a Pope.

As to M. Sangnier and his friends' attitude, there can be no doubt that they will submit to the Papal decision. M. Sangnier is a devout Catholic, and it may at least be a comfort to him to reflect, young as he is, that if he has been condemned by one Pope, he has been approved by another. But the Vatican seems determined to pursue to its estranging end the course which has practically severed France from Christianity. Gallican liberties and the remarkable intellectual renaissance among the French clergy have already been struck at and killed. Now a blow, probably a fatal one, has been aimed at Catholic democracy, organised on lines of singular moral attractiveness, and we shall wait to see what reverberations it will yield all over the Catholic world.

HARMSWORTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"PUNCH" does yeoman service to our public in exhibiting the grimy figure of our sensational Press, dripping with the slime of its own imaginings, and offering, for a copper or two, to roll in the mud afresh. The feat which has drawn this rebuke is not a new invention of Harmsworth journalism, but rather an ingenious adaptation of an old method. We suppose that every crime or scandal of the last generation or so which lent itself to heightening and decoration has been dramatised over and over again for the benefit of our men and women, our boys and girls. There is a library of such literature on the career and death of the burglar and murderer, Peace. One of the Harmsworth papers made a serial novel out of the Thaw trial. The Crippen case opened a rich pasture for these popular providers, and it has been freely resorted to. But the conductors of "Answers," one of the early flowers of Lord Northcliffe's genius, have hit upon

a really original attraction. This was the employment of the father of Miss Le Neve to write his daughter's "life story" while she was under trial for murder. Half a page of a recent issue of the "Daily Mail" was devoted to commending this brilliant enterprise of its yoke-fellow, otherwise "that great home journal, 'Answers.'" Every reader of "Answers" was to be reached by the domestic touch of a father "operating" the limelight on a daughter for whom a compassionate stranger might well wish a speedy retirement from it. This was not the view which commended itself to the conductors of the "great home journal." "I have chosen 'Answers,'" said Mr. Le Neve, "to be the medium of publication for the life-story of my unfortunate daughter, Ethel, because it is essentially a home paper, and the sad and pathetic but intensely dramatic narrative I have to unfold is essentially a story for the home." It was, naturally, therefore, "given to 'Answers,' and 'Answers' alone," so that not merely its "pathos" but its incidentally "dramatic" character might help to sow the seeds of "home" blessings where the soil was richest.

We mention this repellent adventure of the Harmsworth Press less for its own sake than in order to illustrate a second and simultaneous phase of its activities. A few days ago two Englishmen were arrested by the German authorities for taking photographs on the island of Borkum, which lies off the Frisian Coast opposite the port of Emden. It may be that these gentlemen were simple, though rather imprudent, tourists, and on this point we hope that this rather mysterious affair will be promptly elucidated. But if perchance they were "new" journalists, or were even attached to a British spy service, the incident would be graver, and though it could, we imagine, have no serious diplomatic issues, its disclosure and the punishment of the offenders would inevitably embitter popular feeling both here and in Germany. It is not an openly defensible proceeding to abuse the laws of hospitality by spying out your neighbor's defences, or to bribe his servants to disclose their secrets, and though the great European Powers pursue such ends, and hire such servants, they are compelled to disavow them when these agents are caught, and to leave them to the action of the laws they have broken. When, therefore, the journalism which lately filled our East Coast ports and towns with "scare-ships" flying by night, and German waiters plying their nefarious trade by day, taunts Germany with infection from their own special disease of "spy-mania," we shall hope that the "Daily Mail" is really telling the truth. But what has been the proceeding of that journal? As soon as the arrests were made, it produced the first of a series of articles by a correspondent, Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell's thesis is not perfectly clear to us. But it seems to be that as Emden is building a new dock and Borkum a "double promenade" (after the classic model of Yarmouth or Margate), and "little barracks for artillerymen," with the unfamiliar caution, "Verboten," written over them, and as he has also discovered a tiny branch railway a few miles to the south of the main line from Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle to Liège and Brussels, and there con-

necting the German and Belgian frontiers, Germany is in a fair way to annul the independence of Belgium and Holland, to annex the Dutch ports, and to use Flushing as a new pistol pointed at the heart of England. The process by which these results are reached is a little more obscure than it might be. It is first assumed that it was at the Kaiser's direct instigation that the Dutch have strengthened a few undefended or inadequately defended ports on their coast-line, with the object of enabling Holland to maintain her "neutrality" against England. But this light craft of fancy is speedily sunk by a heavier galleon, weighted with the theory that Germany's real object is to force or cajole Belgium and Holland out of their independence, in which case the strengthening of Flushing and of the mouth of the Zuyder Zee would be a useful protection against British guns and torpedoes. The hypothesis would be a little awkward if the Dutch chose to fight for the liberties which they disputed with some stoutness with Philip of Spain, for in that case the unthinking Kaiser would have incited their statesmen to fortify against himself. But it fits better into the notion of a passive surrender. It is just possible to argue that Borkum may have a "double promenade" and yet be guiltless of Anglo-Saxon blood, that there are good commercial reasons for the construction of a new harbour to Emden, and the tapping of the interior trade which now goes to the Dutch ports, or that the fortification of the Frisian Coast and its protecting screen of islands is an act involving no offence to the creators of Rosyth and the builders of the new Dover harbor. It is conceivable that the ample means which Germany possesses of pouring troops into Belgium if she chooses are not greatly advanced by building six miles of railway between Malmédy and Stavelot. And it is also possible to think that even the "Daily Mail," and the swarm of brainless but exasperating attacks on Germany dispatched by it and a dozen of its contemporaries, have something to do with a precautionary German scheme aimed at a British invasion of the Frisian Coast, and with the growing tale of German Dreadnoughts.

But indeed there is nothing to be done with such journalism but to tell other countries what we at home know about its crude sensationalism, the vulgarity of its method, and, above all, its purely commercial character. To the Harmsworth press the Crippen sensation and the Frisian scare are merely two items on the "contents" bill of a daily or a weekly issue. They represent so much saleable space, good for circulation and advertisement. No other aim, good or bad, belongs to them. In this process their conductors may engage writers, investigators, theorists, critics of average honesty and intelligence, and no more than the average bias. But their main appeal is to masses of easily moved imaginations and ill-furnished minds, who are daily filled with the hot, stimulating food they have been taught to seek. This is the new burden that British and American statesmen, who have to deal confidentially with the representatives of other nations, carry about with them; and if they suffer from this parasite, they may perhaps console themselves with the thought that it kills its own children almost as quickly as it begets them.

Contemporaries.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES.

THE great loss which philosophy has sustained by the death of William James will be felt as also a personal loss by all who knew him. He was one of the most eminent, and probably the most widely known, of contemporary philosophers. It was by his work on psychology that he first achieved fame, but his later years were devoted almost entirely to the advocacy of the philosophy known as pragmatism. The high value of his work on psychology is universally admitted, but his work on pragmatism is still the subject of acute controversy. The same qualities of mind appear in both, but those who do not accept his general philosophy would contend that he was at his best where he had concrete facts to deal with, and that in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of metaphysics his powers failed to find full scope. Abstract argumentation appeared to him futile, and subjects which require it were therefore uncongenial to him. His mind worked by flashes of brilliant insight, by an aptitude for fresh and untrammelled observation, and by a singular freedom from reigning academic prejudices. Unlike most professors, he saw facts first, instead of first seeing theories and then searching out facts to confirm or refute them. In psychology, this resulted in a very concrete presentation of mental phenomena, illustrated with a wealth of everyday observation which, however it might disconcert the learned, made his "Principles of Psychology" by far the most delightful and readable book on its subject. For example, in illustrating the proposition that our self-esteem depends not simply upon our success, but upon the ratio of our success to our pretensions, and can therefore be increased by diminishing our pretensions, he observes:—

"Many Bostonians, *crede experto* (and inhabitants of other cities, too, I fear), would be happier women and men to-day, if they could once for all abandon the notion of keeping up a Musical Self, and without shame let people hear them call a symphony a nuisance. How pleasant is the day when we give up striving to be young—or slender! Thank God! we say, those illusions are gone."

In his study of the mind, William James refuses to begin, as psychologists are apt to do, with sensations, because a mere sensation is an abstraction which never really occurs. He begins instead with "the stream of thought," taking thought as we find it, with all kinds of thinking mixed in a vague continuum. This leads him to a long and very able discussion of "the consciousness of self," in which he reduces the Self to the passing thought, with its memory of other thoughts and its consciousness of the body. "All attempts," he says, "to explain our phenomenally given thoughts as products of deeper-lying entities (whether the latter be named 'Soul,' 'Transcendental Ego,' 'Ideas,' or 'Elementary Units of Consciousness') are metaphysical. This book consequently rejects both the associationist and the spiritualist theories; and in this strictly positivistic point of view consists the only feature of it for which I feel tempted to claim originality. Of course," he continues, "this point of view is anything but ultimate." This concession, however, belongs to the period before he had discovered pragmatism; indeed, the attempt to make such a point of view ultimate constitutes an essential element in the pragmatist's philosophy.

William James's best account of his later views is "Pragmatism, a new name for some old ways of thinking" (Longmans, 1907). The essence of pragmatism is its theory as to what constitutes "truth." Some men believe one thing and some another, and metaphysical disputes seem interminable. Pragmatism contends that it has discovered a way of deciding such disputes. Examine the consequences of the two beliefs; if one has good consequences, while the other has bad ones, the one with good consequences is "true," at least until a third view with still better consequences has been discovered. And not only is this a test of truth; it is the actual meaning of truth. Hence all truth is experimental, and

is at best true up to data; no truth is immutable or permanently certain.

"Pragmatism (we are told) represents a perfectly familiar attitude in philosophy, the empiricist attitude, but it represents it, as it seems to me, both in a more radical and in a less objectionable form than it has ever yet assumed. A pragmatist turns his back resolutely and once for all upon a lot of inveterate habits dear to professional philosophers. He turns away from abstraction and insufficiency, from bad *a priori* reasons, from fixed principles, closed systems, and pretended absolutes and origins. He turns towards concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action and towards power."

This is the philosophy of those who love the battle better than the victory. Felicity, Hobbes tells us, consists in prospering, not in having prospered, and so knowledge is to consist in discovering, not in having discovered. James is never tired of inveighing against the great static systems of metaphysics: he would have us be for ever building our house and never living in it. A Western energy seems to be required in order to find full satisfaction in this philosophy: those whose energy sometimes flags will sigh for moments of contemplation to temper the monotony of unceasing action.

But pragmatism has another aspect, also very important; I mean, its religious aspect. In the philosophy of religion, it is allied with Modernism. While unable to defend the rigid and unchanging dogma of Catholic orthodoxy, it is anxious to urge that any religion, so long as it is useful in promoting happiness or virtue, is to be considered "true" in the times and places of its utility. The classic philosophies have debated endlessly the old *a priori* arguments for and against free will or the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul: pragmatism, instead, will inquire into the effects of such beliefs on emotion and conduct. "On pragmatic principles," James says in his chapter on "Pragmatism and Religion," "we can not reject any hypothesis if consequences useful to life flow from it. Universal conceptions . . . have, indeed, no meaning and no reality if they have no use. But if they have any use they have that amount of meaning. And the meaning will be true if the use squares well with life's other uses."

To most people, such a utilitarian basis will seem inadequate, but it has at least the merit of producing a sympathetic attitude towards whatever faith men really live by. This attitude is seen at its best in one of James's most interesting books, "Varieties of Religious Experience." This book is filled with the pragmatist temper. Religious men of all types are described, and an attempt is made to show wherein their religion was useful to them. Even the types naturally most repugnant to the author are treated with kindly insight, and we are invited to admire the happiness which they derived from their various beliefs. But to say that this suffices to prove that their beliefs were in any way *true* will remain a paradox to many, in spite of all the charm and persuasiveness of William James's exposition.

Unlike many pragmatists, William James had a realistic temper of mind, and even a certain tendency towards materialism. The plain facts of common sense were the starting-point of his philosophy, and, though he was willing to submit them to a certain amount of interpretation, he could never have tolerated a philosophy which, like Hegelian idealism, regards them all as appearances differing *toto caelo* from Reality. His materialistic tendencies are apparent in various parts of his Psychology, particularly in the much-discussed theory of the emotions, according to which we are pleased because we smile, or sad because we weep; in his own words: "The bodily changes follow directly the perception of the existing fact, and . . . our feeling of the same changes as they occur is the emotion." But this materialistic tendency, which belonged to the scientific side of his intellect, was held in check by a strong religious impulse, and by a vehement rebellion against the intellectual tyranny of hard-and-fast theories as to how things *must* be. He was determined to vindicate human liberty in the domain of truth as in other domains; and it was largely this feeling that made pragmatism attractive to him.

Every philosophy has its merits and its demerits.

Among the unquestionable merits of pragmatism, apart from the useful work it has done in challenging sleepy philosophic orthodoxies, are its inductive temper, its reliance on experiment, its readiness to question even what seems most certain. These merits have recommended it to many men of science; but in philosophy, it may be doubted whether pragmatism is in reality less dogmatic than the systems it seeks to replace. To take it as certain that not even the multiplication table contains final and infallible truth is to adopt a dogma which, in philosophy, may be just as great a bar to open-mindedness as any other dogma. Indeed, to have a philosophy at all is necessarily to abandon something of that experimental and hypothetical temper which pragmatists praise. But while we may doubt whether pragmatism is either so true or so useful as its advocates believe, we cannot but admire the urbanity, the large tolerance, and the humanity with which, both in public and in private, it was invariably advocated by William James.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Life and Letters.

A NEW CONSCRIPTION.

WHEN the Territorial exclaims that, for his part, he would refuse to inhabit a planet on which there was no hope of war, the peaceful listener shudderingly charges Mr. Haldane with promoting a bloodthirsty mind. After all the prayers for peace in our time—prayers in which even Territorials are expected to join on church parade—it appears an impious folly to appraise war as a necessity for human happiness. Or if indeed it be a blessing, however much in disguise, why not boldly pray to have the full benefit of it in our own time, instead of passing it on, like unearned increment, for the advantage of posterity? Such a thing is unimaginable. A prayer for war would make people jump; it would empty a church quicker than the collection. Nevertheless, it is probable that the great majority of every congregation does in its heart share the Territorial's opinion, and, if there were no possibility of war ever again anywhere in the world, it would find life upon this planet a trifle flat.

The impulse to hostilities arises not merely from the delight in scenes of blood enjoyed at a safe and comfortable distance, though that is the commonest form of military ardor, and in many a bloody battle the finest fruits of victory are reaped over newspapers and cigars at the bar or in the back garden. There is no such courage as glows in the citizen's bosom when he peruses the telegrams of slaughter, just as there is no such ferocity as he imbibes from the details of a dripping murder. "War! War! Bloody war! North, South, East, or West!" cries the soldier in one of Mr. Kipling's pretty tales; but in real life that cry arises rather from the music halls and the "Observer's" office than from the soldier, and many a high-souled patriot at home would think himself wronged if perpetual peace deprived him of his one opportunity of displaying valor to his friends, his readers, or his family. All these imaginative people, whose bravery may be none the less genuine for being vicarious, must be reckoned as the natural supporters of war, and, indeed, one can hardly conceive any form of distant conflict for which they would not clamor.

But still, the widespread dislike of peace is not entirely derived from their prowess; nor does it spring entirely from the nursemaid's love of the red coat and martial gait, though this is on a far nobler plane, and comes much nearer to the heart of things. The gleam of uniforms in a drab world, the upright bearing, the rattle of a kettledrum, the boom of a salute, the murmur of the "Dead March," the good-night of the Last Post sounding over the home-faring traffic and the quiet cradles—one does not know by what substitutes eternal peace could exactly replace them. For they are symbols of a spiritual protest against the degradation of security. They perpetually re-assert the claim of a beauty and a

passion that have no concern with material advantages. They sound defiance in the dull ears of comfort, and proclaim woe unto them that are at ease in the city of life. Dimly the nursemaid is aware of the protest; most people are dimly aware of it; and the few who seriously labor for an unending reign of peace must take it into account.

It is useless to allure mankind by promises of a pig's paradise. As Carlyle said in his "Heroes":—

"It is a calumny on men to say they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense in this world or the next. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man."

Much has been rightly written about the horrors of war. Everyone knows them to be sudden, hideous, and overwhelming; those who have seen them speak also of the squalor, the filthiness, the murderous swindling, and the inconceivable absurdity of the whole monstrous performance. But the horrors of peace, if not so obvious, come nearer to our daily life, and we are naturally terrified at its softness, its monotony, and its enfeebling relaxation. Of all people in the world the wealthy classes of England and America are probably the furthest removed from dangers, and no one admires them in the least; no one in the least envies their treadmill of successive pleasures. The most unwarlike of men are haunted by the fear that perpetual peace would induce a general degeneration of soul and body such as they now behold amid the rich man's sheltered comforts. They dread the growth of a population slack of nerve, soft of body, cruel through fear of pain, and incapable of endurance or high endeavor. They dread the entire disappearance of that clear decisiveness, that disregard of pleasure, that quiet devotion of self in the face of instant death, which are to be found, at all events now and again, in the course of every war. Even peace, they say, may be bought too dear, and what shall it profit a people if it gain a cabbage-garden of comforts and lose its own soul?

The same argument is chosen by those who would persuade the whole population to submit to military training, whether it is needful for the country's defence or not. Under such training, they suppose, the virtues that peace imperils would be maintained; a sense of equality and comradeship would pervade all classes, and for two or three years of life the wealthy would enjoy the realities of labor and discomfort. It is a tempting vision, and if this were the only means of escape from such a danger as is represented, the wealthy would surely be the first to embrace it for their own salvation. But is there no other means? asked Professor William James in "McClure's Magazine" last month, and his answer to the question was the distinguished psychologist's last service. What we are looking for, he rightly said, is a moral equivalent for war, and he suddenly found it in a conscription, not for fighting, but for work. After showing that the life of many is nothing else but toil and pain, while others "get no taste of this campaigning life at all," he continued:—

"If now—and this is my idea—there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *nature*, the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other benefits to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently solid and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries, and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas."

Here, indeed, is a vision more tempting than ever conscription was. To be sure, it is not new, for Ruskin had a glimpse of it, and that was why he induced the Oxford undergraduates to vary their comfortable Greek studies and games at ball with a little honest work upon the Hinksey road. But the vision is irresistible. There cannot be the smallest doubt it will be realised, and when the young dukes, landed proprietors, financiers,

motorists, officers in the Guards, barristers, and curates are marched off in gangs to their apportioned labor in the stoke-holes, coal-mines, and December fishing fleets, how the workmen will laugh!

Nor let it be supposed that the conscription would subject even the most luxurious conscripts to any unendurable hardship. So hateful is idleness to man that the toil of the poor is continually being adopted by the rich as sport. To climb a mountain was once the irksome duty of the shepherd and wandering hawker; now it is the privilege of wealth to hang by the finger-nails over an abyss. Once it was the penalty of slaves to pull the galleys; now it is only the well-to-do who labor day by day at the purposeless oar, and rack their bodies with a toil that brings home neither fish nor merchandise. Once it fell to the thin bowman and despised butcher to provide the table with flesh and fowl; now, at enormous expense, the rich man plays the poulterer for himself, and statesmen seek the strenuous life in the slaughter of a scarcely edible rhinoceros. Let the conscripts of comfort take heart. They will run more risks in the galleries of the mine than on the mountain precipice, and one night's trawl upon the Dogger Bank would provide more weight of fish than if they whipped the Tay from spring to winter.

Under this great conscription, a New Model would, indeed, be initiated, as far superior to the conscript armies as Cromwell's Ironsides were to the mercenaries of their time. The whole nation from prince to beggar would by this means be transformed, labor would cease to be despised or riches to be worshipped, the reproach of effeminacy would be removed, the horrors of peace mitigated, and the moral equivalent of war discovered. For the first time a true comradeship between class and class would arise, for, as Goethe said, work makes the comrade, and democracy might have a chance of becoming a reality instead of a party phrase. After three years' service down the sewers or at the smelting works, our men of leisure would no longer raise their wail over national degeneracy or the need of maintaining the standard of hardihood by barrack-square drill. As things are now, it is themselves who chiefly need the drill. "Those who live at ease," said Professor James, "are an island on a stormy ocean." In the summing up of the nation they, in their security, would hardly count, were they not so vocal; but the molten iron, the flaming mine, the whirling machine, the engulfing sea, and hunger always at the door take care that, for all but a very few among the people, the discipline of danger and perpetual effort shall not be wanting. You do not find the pitman, the dustman, or the bargee puling for bayonet exercise to make them hard, and if our nervous gentlemen were all serving the State in those capacities, they might even approach their addition sums in "Dreadnoughts" without a tremor. Besides, as Professor James added for a final inducement, the women would value them more highly.

A MASTER OF PLEASURE.

FALSTAFF! The incarnation, robust and bountiful, of the science of Pleasure in all its manifold branches! Not the science of Joy; for Joy is no science. Joy is an elation essentially spiritual in its nature and in its function. Joy does not burgeon on grossness or riot in carnality. It is an afflatus lifting the whole soul, essentially the soul, into the region of the other-worldly and rare.

Not so Pleasure. While Joy is an inspiration, Pleasure is a science. Pleasure does not fall from the blue and beautiful heavens, nor swim out to flood the thought from the world within worlds. It is a thing to be entrapped by subtle skill; to be lured by strange device; to be achieved, won, sought after; to be got by battery and assault, if all other more aerial methods fail. And none knew this better than that genius and Arch-Hierarch of Pleasure, Falstaff. Tedium was chased by his subtle wit out of the bounds of cognisance. Vacuity he abhorred heartily, and proved himself a very son of earth therein. Life was to him

an endless round of activity, a hunt in which he chased Pleasure from defeat to defeat, in which her nimble wit was pitched against his prolific fertility of invention, with results disastrous to her, but full of fair and furious victory to him.

For none knew better than he that Pleasure entrapped and bound is Pleasure emptied and dissipated. The glorious hunt never knew end with him; for as the quarry cowered to surrender, though the noise of his chase grew more uproarious, this meant only that he tarried in its fury that it might lead again over hill and wold. Never did he set hands on her, for well he knew (he alone of all the sons of carnality!) that she was not the chase, but the chase was her. As her heavenly sister Joy is never more than sighted by the Soul in its eternal quest, so she must never be more than sighted by the senses in the surging riot of their wild bacchannals.

Moralities he knew to have their baleful eye on all wild, tempestuous pleasure, and not less to those that rejected their fiat in solemn refutation than to those who were their slaves. Therefore, by the subtlest stroke of genius, he neither serves them nor futilely denies them: he turns them into the very hounds of his hunt, and cracks the whip of his laughter over their ears to make them serve his merry mood the more swiftly. No common liar was he. For a lie is a serious business, delivered with intent to deceive, with more cringing and servitude than ever Truth was served. He rings his mighty laughter out in the very face of Truth. He has his word to say, knowing that none believe him, but that yet they all wait for him to revolutionise the world of common verities. Surveying his ponderable proportions, he laughs to his boon companions: "A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder!" Or, in the first of all the Boar's Head Tavern scenes, when, having already devoured two good cups of sack, he calls impatiently for a third, saying, "I am a rogue if I drunk to-day," knowing well that the Prince will reply, "Oh, villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last."

Again, in the same scene, he tells the Prince of the two imaginary villains who set on him and robbed him of his nefarious spoils. The two become four, the four seven, the seven eleven, seven of which are slain by his own hand! Then three more, "in Kendal Green," set on him from the rear. Humor can no more, for he knows they do not believe him. And when he finds it necessary to buy twenty-two yards of satin, and cannot pay, with utmost solemnity he offers Bardolph as his security. And as his page comes from the merchant saying he must "procure him better assurance; he liked not the security," his indignation is boundless. So when, with nearly three-score of years over his head, he gravely tells the Chief Justice, "You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young," and when, taunted in reply with the fact that his voice is broken, he ventures the information that he has "lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems"! These are not falsehoods; they are episodes in the uproarious business of pleasure.

Thus it is with Patriotism, that fell earnestness waiting beside every citizen to trip him up in his high and mighty delights. No patriot, Falstaff. Given the task of getting together a company for the Hotspur campaign he turns up with the ragtag and bobtail of creation streaming after him, "discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." "I never did see such pitiful rascals," says the Prince. And he replies merrily. "Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men."

Falstaff levels merriment at Cowardice, as he does at Courage. To him they do not exist. They are abstracts that haunt other men; but they do not claim any fiefdom from him. He will turn his quips and polish his humor with Death flying all round him. That is one thing; but to die in a useless cause will never enlist his favor. If something is served by fighting, then he may fight; if nothing, then he will run; in either case

he will take his bottle of sack into battle with him. "Give me life," says he; "which if I can save, so! if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end." Nevertheless, "to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man." All this he says in battle, philosophically enough!

As for Honor, that high mistress of an earnest world—"Can honor set to a leg? No! Or an arm? No! Or take away the grief of a wound? No!—Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No! What is honor?—a word. What is that word honor?—air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it?—he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it?—no. Doth he hear it?—no. Is it sensible then?—yea, to the dead. But will it live with the living?—no. Why?—detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon!"

Nor yet is Falstaff one of the desperately earnest crew of Bacchus. His cup of sack is no god to him, but his servant. With the finger-tips he enjoys its precious flavor, feeling it "make its course from the inwards to the parts extreme." He feels it "ascend to the brain; dry all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; make it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." "Had I a thousand sons," says he, "the first human principle I would teach them should be, to foreswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack." But not as slaves, however! As masters, bowing not to idols, but possessing all life.

For this Arch-Hierarchy of Pleasure has only his office by virtue of the fact that he whips life to make her dance to him, knowing well that unless he do so she will whip him to make him dance to her. And when the legions of Life's angels, those whom she calls her verities, gather round in her aid, the swift sword of his intellect flashes out to fence them. Never is he outwitted; never circumvented. Never does his chase on the nimble Pleasure slacken. And lest it do so, lies there not handy the cup of sherry-sack?

So to the end of our sight of him. Even when the dastard King rejects him, he is master of circumstance if not of himself. For he has borrowed a thousand pounds from Shallow, promising him Courtly preferment, such was his expectation of the King. As the truculent King passes, and Shallow stands beside him, is he outwitted? Does his mastership fail him? Driven to the last defence of wit he may be, but is he nonplussed? Not he. Turning to Shallow, he says, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound."

THE RESPITE.

For days the people of the city leave. The laden cabs pass through the emptying streets, and the occupants lean back, looking benign and satisfied at the prospect of release. The private omnibuses go by, piled up with the luggage of the rich; and maids, demurely dressed in black, and sleek, clean-shaven men, sit stiffly or lounge inside. The exodus is simultaneous.

All who can do so leave; and many get away because of the absence of the rest. From stuffy streets and crowded blocks of flats and from mansions and comfortable houses and single rooms they go—diverging and scattering about the country and the world. And jammed, obstructing cues of waving whips and packed cab-tops block the approaches to the railway stations, where is a kaleidoscope of jostling, exclaiming, signalling humanity in haste.

It is as if a city fled from plague. In one incessant stream the cabs and carriages and private omnibuses pull up and dump their loads upon the kerb, moving away to make room for the next; and the people fend fiercely for themselves. Frenzied women, guarding a heap of boxes, look wildly round, and grab in vain at the driven porters as they pass; or, clutching stumbling children by the hand, plunge erratically about and implore anyone in uniform to get a laden pile of luggage to the train. Even the dainty lady with a maid stands

unattended, tapping a little foot in proud surprise. Flushed flunkies puff with unaccustomed weights. Harassed, perspiring men stagger heavily with bumping bags and twisting bundles of sticks and parasols and wooden spades; and as the entangling collisions swing them round, their lips move ominously. Herded, impatient lines shuffle slowly on to reach the ticket windows, scattering and rushing off the other end after a hurried payment and a scooping up of uncounted change; and every now and then a murmur rises, as a persistent woman lingers to discuss excursion fares. Only the temporarily untended children laugh. For the struggle of departure lines people's faces and clouds their eyes; meetings are only frowning exhortations or hurried, smileless nods. All is bewilderment and anxiety and rush.

Thus, at a customary time, the people of the Big Grey City leave—to tour or rusticate or see the sea. In tens of thankful thousands they depart for varying periods of time; and the turmoil of the city sobers down.

During this period of abandonment the aspect of the city undergoes a change. Something of the usual unrest is still evident in the pleasure-centres and the big thoroughfares, but the whirl of rich restlessness is absent, and the crush has vanished and the noise is less.

Where there were rich throngs and brilliance, is loneliness. Along the uncrowded pavements of frequented streets, some solitary, trudging figures, or a lingering group of sight-seers link up the distances of dust-strewn space. And where expensive women lounged to shop, slow-moving, shirt-sleeved workmen mend the road between black barricades of wood blocks; and a reek of boiling tar pervades the calm. The doors of many clubs are closed and placarded with a notice, announcing the white-washed, paint-bespattered waste within; the windows of the first-floor milliners and dress-makers are squares of blind; and some of the shops, disdainful of chance patronage, are closed. The contrast of a silent restfulness prevails.

Even the big thoroughfares are different. Those of the accustomed crowds who remain are loitering visitors or wage-earners or broken, wandering poor. The traffic has altered and decreased; and intervals of frequent calm occur. The gleam of carriage panels and the flash of polished harness no longer catch the sun; the shifting glint and glittering entanglement are gone. A rare livery is obviously jobbed to an overload of foreigners, and the occasional motor-car is grey with country dust. By reason of the emptiness, the omnibuses seem to have increased, and blunder and plunge more ponderously along, in contrast to the leisure of the lumbering *char-à-bancs*. Even the cabmen have forsaken the unprofitable streets; and a dwindled line waits on the rank. Women cross quietly the open roads.

In the streets of residences everything seems dead. The blinds are down; withered flowers dangle from the sills; and rows of shuttered windows make the inhospitable houses more desolate. The bustle of the busy afternoons has disappeared. Nobody leaves or enters the unopened doors, where groups of liveried men were wont to stand, chatting, while the fitful music of foregatherings drifted down; the spank and trundling of carriages and the clattering of tradesmen's carts are stilled. Only some workmen or the lightly-burdened postman and, now and then, a hobbling charwoman disturb the monotony of calm. Lean cats prowl hungrily about the squares.

Even the parks are sparsely filled; and there is solitude in parts. Where the gay idlers used to congregate are lines and lines of empty, upturned chairs; the lawns are brown and desolate, where but a little time ago crushes of billowy skirts concealed the grass. Only the seats, and here and there a chair, along the paths are occupied; even the more humble gatherings at the band are less. And on the barrelled road, where riches and rank and fame drove daily, with a rhythmical, continuous trundling of wheels, a jangling steam-roller crunches macadam in. The children who play upon the grass are patched or ragged; and the babies, brought carelessly

to get the air, sleep in a dangerous perambulator or a cunningly-adjusted packing case, dragged by a shrunken child.

At night, only the flash and glare and twinkling of the lighted centres remain the same. The early evening stream of cabs and carriages, carrying groomed men and cloudily-wrapped women out to dine, no longer dash rattling about; the whirl of social business is still. Beneath the brilliant porticoes of the restaurants the unnecessary porter looks with idle pride upon the street, while homely, pleasure-seeking pedestrians, dressed in the clothes they have worn through the day—tired, untidied, and meandering—gape through the lighted doorways as they pass, or volubly hesitate to go inside. The theatres are grim fronts of dark forlornness; and you expect the flashing clatter of the home-going audiences in vain; even the piteous patrol of smiling weariness is less. The life and amusements of the night die suddenly, and, with the passing of the final omnibus, the streets are still.

This strange contrasting period of emptiness endures for weeks; and the city grows dustier and quieter and almost desolate in parts, until the shortening evenings of the autumn come. Then gradually the people of the city return.

By slow, perceptible degrees the city's activity gains impetus. Daily some of the wonted crowds come back; and trotting men dodge patiently along, following the laden cabs. The streets get busier and busier, and the traffic grows thunderous once more. Thus, by the time the shops are seen alight, and the dusk encroaches on the lamp-lit afternoon, the surging panorama of unrest is as before.

THE STONE-DWELLERS.

UNDER the footbridge the stream runs dark, then plunges sparkling over a sill of brown stone into a pool some five feet below. Where the ripple of the fall ceases, the water becomes clear as glass, and we can see everything that is in the pool. The everything seems nothing—except brown stones in the shade, growing into orange stones in the sunshine, with wreaths between them like very faint smoke to show where the water runs. A stranger would say there was nothing whatever in the stream but water running its barren way to the sea. The roots of the willow herb are bathed in it, and a mighty luxuriance shoots up. It is crammed now with thousands of flowers in freshest, brightest pink, starred with light yellow pollen masses. The faint scent of "codlins and cream," like apples gently cooking, makes the way of the bridge very delightful. Willows and alders faithfully mark the course of the stream far below, for water is water the whole world over; bees and butterflies come to the willow herb and hemp agrimony; and a band of long-tailed tits swing in the alder close over the pool, but in the pool itself there is no life.

If we will take our shoes and stockings off and do a little wading, we shall see. The first step in the cool water (the first step that costs) removes the years wonderfully. The fingers itch for the stones instinctively, and, before we know what we are doing, we have got a grip beneath one of them, and it begins to come up—gently, gently, while the stream carries away the little bits of brown stick that have lodged there. The stone is over, and there are a whole lot of shrimp-like creatures lying on their sides and helplessly kicking. Yes, of course, we should have expected water-lice even in a barren stream. It is a quaint definition of barren, and it is a fact that a neighbor came here and caught a few pints of these water-lice wherewith to stock a stream of his that lacked them. He could not keep trout until he had established the "shrimps," and after them the trout came almost spontaneously. Neither are these all "shrimps," for a may-fly larva slides away down the stone into the water, the cases of caddis grubs are among the little sticks that the stream carries away, and a grub like a fringed worm hastens to cover itself with a little stone beneath the one we have lifted.

We expected more than water-lice, but there are better stones to be lifted. A large one near the lower end of the pool is scarcely touched before a flat, spotted

head shoots out. Because it moved we saw it, but the spots are so artfully toned that, while at rest, the fish is almost invisible among the similar markings of the floor of the brook. Secure in its livery, the fish suffers itself to be driven into the open, and then we cautiously surround him with two hands and scoop him out. You never see the miller's thumb without going into the water after it, and driving it from under the stones. Yet it is armed well enough against its enemies in the huge spiked gills which it can stick out almost as furiously as the father lasher of the sea. A water-rail was found here last Autumn, choked in the attempt to swallow a miller's thumb.

More warrantable is the hiding of the loach, called stone-loach because of its very retiring disposition. It is smoother than a gudgeon, and sweeter too, as any fisherman knows who has offered it to pike or perch. It has no defence except an unusual slipperiness, and it squeezes beneath stones in such a manner that its capture by hand is far more difficult than that of the miller's thumb. Our stream also holds in plenty the cray-fish, or fresh-water lobster. The big ones have holes in the bank where they are ready to nip shrewdly the fingers of boys who come to tickle trout. But there are lots of little ones under the stones, as ready as their elders to nip when they cannot escape, but not so able to hurt. They are made exactly in the image of the lobster, and use their feathered tails to grip the water under the body and shoot off backwards as rapidly as a fish darts. In Spring the elder female cray-fish carry great bundles of eggs under the tail, for other cray-fish are great eaters of ova, including those of trout. A few years ago, all the streams running into the Thames, right up to the furthest hills, partook of a Thames epidemic that carried off the cray-fish almost to the last one. Slowly they came back and may be as numerous as ever by now. Our stream starts just over the Thames water-shed and its cray-fish were immune from that epidemic.

The side of the hill is strewn with stones as thickly as the orchard with apples. As we lie there on one elbow to admire the view and to meditate on many things, the other hand idly picks a stone from its bed in the turf. There are hundreds of black ants in a series of grooves they have constructed beneath it. Heaps of cocoons that were there when the light broke in are melting like sugar in water as the nurses carry them down to a lower room. A flying ant tries to take the opportunity to elope, but a worker clutches her and drags her back. The next stone by a coincidence has red ants, and under another not far away are the sickly, puny yellow ones that in spite of their small size and poor spirit manage to build greater mounds than any of the earth-building ants. Here we are like Asmodeus surrounded by a perfect city of roofs, each one of which we are at liberty to lift for the inspection of the inhabitants beneath. Here is one so large and flat that it could cover a trap-door leading to Ali Baba's cave. That or some other treasure is beneath it, and with difficulty we prise it up to find merely a wire-worm of a species we have been seeking for years. It is one of the best of places for hunting centipedes and millipedes. The Coleopterist, too, can often find a rare thing under the right stone.

Once we found a mole's nest with young moles in it under a baulk of timber. The place was unusual, but so handy a roof often covers the nest of a field mouse. You may in such a situation suddenly expose an entire wasp's nest, tearing off the top paper and bringing the whole population about your ears. So there is a spice of adventure connected with stone-turning. Once we saw a laborer lift a stone and drop it suddenly with white face, while he called out "A gurt snake!" We went to look, and found nothing but a toad squatting in a hollow that just fitted her body, and was just so deep that the stone could not crush her when it was replaced. On another day, we found what we scarcely appreciated at the time and what we have vainly looked for again ever since. It was a big black amphibian that, when we touched it, shed its tail and the tail kicked and kicked for hours after whenever we touched it with a stick or threw a crumb of earth on it. Newts of every kind are found under

stones, or, better still, under fallen posts. The triton is big and black, his orange breast not counting for much when he is on land. But the triton has not a brittle tail, so our big black newt or salamander remains unidentified.

The lifting of a stone is the short cut to the dwelling-place of nearly everything that burrows. If the stone is large enough you may find a fox's earth beneath it, or it may cover the viper in its winter sleep, or dormant queen wasps. Every boy knows that there is no need to dig for worms when there are plenty of stones about, and the soil and weather are not too dry. So, long ago, we found worms' eggs there, and many other things in the embryo stage that it was hard to identify. Another memory of non-digging excavation that cannot be repeated was the finding of a new ants' nest in the branches of a box edging. A suspicion of mould peeping out through the leaves tempted us to open the stiff twigs, and there was the whole ant city. Not only were there plenty of cocoons, but nearly half-a-pint of Canterbury bell seed that the industrious insects had carried down from the stalk of the campanula, along the garden path, and up into the top of the box edging. That is what we found that day and in that garden. Since then, books have told us that no British ant lays up store of seeds. We did not know the treasure that was flung at us without the trouble of digging, exhibited face-high for us to examine as one examines a prepared specimen in the museum. That is one of the ironies of natural history—that the rarest of creatures "occur" under the noses of tyros unable to appreciate them, while the professor hunts high and low for a lifetime and misses them.

Short Studies.

BARQUE D'AMOUR.

A GREAT street organ, adorned with a colored print of the battle of Waterloo across its upper half, stood opposite a butcher's shop. The organist, dragger and player in one, was with it in the gutter. He did not look in the least musical: his face was small, oblong, and bony, and thickly sprinkled with the gritty beginnings of whiskers, moustache, and beard, of the color of brick-dust; his eyes were blue and watery; his teeth pressed together to silence their chattering in the cold rain; his thin lips curled into a leer of mixed hate and timidity, in the shadow of a perfectly new check cap like a jockey's. With his left hand he turned the handle of the instrument; his right was deep in the pocket of a blue overcoat which had once belonged to a broad and protuberant gentleman. His eyes roved from window to window in the street, and from back to back of the passers by, returning not to the organ, but to the whole sheep, the joints, and the boxes full of fragments in the butcher's window. Nevertheless, as he turned the handle the organ emitted the same sounds as if a musician or the original owner of the overcoat had been playing it.

Many people were passing up and down the street, which was narrow, paved with noisy stones, and lined with small shops of many kinds. It ran diagonally from one important street to another, so that the passengers were half of them poor women and children shopping, and half of them men of all classes taking the short cut and walking rapidly, without looking to right or left.

Children stopped and stared at the battle of Waterloo and the grandly dressed but bleeding cavalry, turning now and then to the performer, to envy him the organ and yet observe that he was not proud of it, and that he was cold. Sometimes he said to a group sadly, "Oh, go away!" and after an interval angrily, "Get out of it!" at which they began to move away, looking back at him at first fearfully, then with resentment growing into hostility, and at last with laughter as they got ready to run. A stout policeman stood for a minute and observed him. The man pretended not to see, and kept his eyes upon an imaginary point in the butcher's window, until the policeman had gone away saying, "Your arm has got to go round a good many times to

a pound of mutton!" The organist's eye followed the broad back to the end of the street, and remained there, fixed with helpless and subdued indignation. He only turned his head again, and that without a change of expression, when a thin woman with a quiet look of anxiety, who had stopped outside the butcher's, gave him a halfpenny. She went on down the street holding a string bag containing a cabbage close to her side: the sound of the playing had not penetrated her thoughts.

Soon after her a young clerk came along, with a pale spectacled face, dark eyes and moustache, and a look of vacant solemnity and virtue. He heard the music on his way back from the mid-day meal to his office, and it took entire control over his mind. He ceased to see the row of overcoats hanging up like empty skins in the office passage, the white clock and its two hands together at five minutes past one, and the head clerk looking contemptuously from him to the clock. He felt an airiness of exaltation as if he were striding over the housetops of the world in a sublime solitude. He no longer wished vaguely that he was rich, handsome, and clever, but threw his chest forward and lifted his chin complacently, while his heels struck the pavement a little more sharply and with a kind of music. He thought comfortably of several scenes in his life which he could always recall with pleasure and some glory—a cathedral full of sunlight, of spring, and of easy-walking ladies; a gorgeous banquet, a long table flashing with white and silver, glowing with fruit and flowers and wine, under many lights; a theatre, all warmth and animation and brilliancy, just after the conclusion of a romantic first act.

These died away before a scene which he did not know. A boundless water with many islands appeared in full sunlight, such as he had never known in any August by the sea. The water sparkled in long strips and shimmered evenly in two or three broad expanses; at the edges it frothed and hissed like champagne among pebbles of many colors, of gold and turquoise and unknown gems. The islands were more luxuriant than he had ever seen or imagined, for they were softly darkened at the water's edge by trees of an infinite variety of form and verdure, and illuminated by blossom in masses and sharp isolated stars. Lawns, of deep grass and of flowers in long friths of white and gold, rose and fell between the masses of trees. Such might have been the islands of the Pacific before man had touched them. Birds of gaudy plumage and arrogant shrill voices floated over the trees or hung upon the branches, and spilled the dew and the rose and purple and snow of petals, in ones and twos and in woven showers, down upon the grass and the water.

The air was clear, and the light of an unearthly purity, like the air and light of imaginary lands in poems and impossible tales. There was nowhere any sign of decay or change. The sea was innocent. The sun could not set from off the islands and waters, for it hung aloft for ever in obedient majesty. All things expressed a calm and certainly immortal bliss.

What seemed at first another island floating upon the laughing water was a ship, worthy of the utmost pomp of Cleopatra. It was overgrown with flowers and leaves, so as to be known for a ship only by its motion and its high, extravagant prow and stern as it advanced slowly among the islands. While it glided, music arose; and the music seemed that of the innumerable flowers spiring up or floating down from the exuberant foliage, so soft was it, and of such a nimble and thoughtless kind; and the swaying and onward rising of the vessel was beautiful of itself, as if it were wafted by the music. Birds flitted among that foliage also, and scattered without diminishing the blossoms.

With the birds, and as light and careless as they, were human beings; at least, their forms were like those made known to the young man by Titian and Correggio; and they were in harmony with the great light in the sky and upon the waters, with the flowers and the music, singing the same joy and untainted tranquillity. These were women: but high among the leaves were children, immortal children, having wings

upon their shoulders. And in their wreathed motions the women and children smiled and sang melodies as sweet as if they had been, not human, but a kind of godlike birds. Their melodies joined with the mysterious singing of the vessel, and their smiles with the flowers. Some were weaving garlands and crowning or discrowning one another, and their shapes and movements were as lovely as what he dimly thought of, and imperfectly imagined, when he read: "The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours." Some played fantastic musical instruments, stringed and of the form of shells and blossoms. Others were swimming close to the ship, and thrust up their smiling and golden heads through the leaves trailing upon the ripples.

These women and cherubs or cupids, the shining water, the verdure and flowers, the birds and the divine presence of the light, were pleasing to the young man beyond any of the beautiful or luxurious sights of his lifetime. They represented the utmost ease, loveliness, and exuberance, the perfection of joy and freedom, which his nature could crave. As he watched them he shed everything that had once been inconsistent with these qualities and had stood in their way. They beckoned, and their beckoning and his welcome were about to endue him with wings that he might ascend to the ship or one of the islands, that all might be accomplished according to his desire. The bliss was still far off and strange, but it was within his increasing reach, and expectation and achievement together put fire into his eyes and into his cheeks. He was no longer awkward, hurried, fatigued, ignorant, and without courage. He was the equal of those timeless creatures and a compatriot in that exquisite clime. It was as if he were made a being of divine lineage, with glorified senses, with a voice sweeter than bird, lute, or horn.

But stepping forward with blinded eagerness, he suddenly found himself stopped among the horses of the main street, in a thicket of thronging sound where the organ music was scarce audible even if sought. For some time he had not known that he was listening; now for a moment he heard it again. The vision was with him still, but in shreds and intermittently. It was more and more like a picture, having neither air nor solidity, and the horses' teeth glittered through it a grin of demons. Not only did the vision become a picture, but a picture painted upon a canvas which swayed a little in the air. The colors dimmed; the flowers were like artificial roses; the ship was impossible; the women and cupids were insipid and absurd. Yes, it was a picture he had seen somewhere—a tapestry—no, the drop-scene at a theatre, and underneath it the title "Barque d'Amour." He remembered it perfectly as he once more looked up at the office clock and its two hands together at five minutes past one.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Letters from Abroad.

THE KAISER AND THE NATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After almost two years' restraint, William II. has broken out again, and the effect of his speech may have surprised him as much as the sensation which followed the tellings of the "Daily Telegraph" in November, 1908. For, indeed, it is very doubtful whether the speech made on August 25th at the banquet of the province of East Prussia was intended as a political *pronunciamiento* at all. Certainly the speaker did not mean to give offence to any section of the so-called "staatsbehaltende Parteien"—the parties to the right of the democratic Radicals, the self-constituted upholders of the State. The speech is anti-democratic and even anti-parliamentarian. But nobody expects democratic speeches from the present head of the Prussian State and the German Empire, and neither in Prussia nor in the Empire have we parliamentary government. As a matter of fact, William II.'s

references to the origin of royalty in Prussia were historically true, and his words

"regarding myself as the instrument of the Lord, I go on my path regardless of views and opinions of the day, and devoted entirely to the welfare and the peaceful development of our Fatherland"—

are quite compatible with the constitutional law of Prussia and the Empire. They may even be described as truisms. Must not every confessed believer regard himself as an "Instrument of the Lord"?

Why then this hubbub in the organs even of the National Liberal and the pro-Conservative parties? It was natural for the democratic and the social-democratic papers to protest against the political sentiments of the speech. But not quite so natural are the angry comments of papers like the "National Zeitung," the "Tägliche Rundschau," the "Hannoversche Courier," the "Leipziger Neuste Nachrichten." For the parties they represent do not want true parliamentary government—quite apart from true democracy. Why then do they grumble, and papers like the "Kölnische Zeitung" imagine a vain thing?

The reason is obvious. If William II.'s speech does not expressly contradict the Constitution, it is certainly in flagrant contradiction with the feeling of the masses of the nation. The deep discontent which at present animates by far the larger section of the German people translates itself politically in democratic sentiments. We see the proof of it at the by-election for the Reichstag. Only one day before the Imperial speech, a seat in Saxony, hitherto held by a Nationalist who in 1907 was elected by 14,732 votes against 11,281 Social-democratic votes, was beaten by the Social-democratic candidate by 14,381 votes against 4,706 votes given for a Radical, and only 4,641 votes bestowed on the Nationalist candidate. This increase of the Socialist vote and decrease of the Nationalist vote exceeded the worst fears of the middle-class parties. They now admit frankly that the "red flood" is rapidly rising, and fear lest the Imperial speech may furnish new weapons to the Democratic and Social-democratic propaganda. Undoubtedly a very reasonable fear.

The alarm is certainly shared by the Government of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Hence the semi-official declaration in the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" of the 19th August, where it is emphasized that the speech was but a "personal confession," and not a "governmental act," and that "a ruler who has so often proved that, standing firmly on the ground of the Constitution, he knows how to promote and to appreciate the creative forces of the nation," ought to be secure from the "misconstruction" that his words implied a disregard of popular rights. Very soothing words, indeed; and almost in the same moment in which this declaration was published, William II. made another speech in Marienburg, in West Prussia, where he praised the peaceful co-operation of all the national sections and elements, and added that the feeling that he derived his mandate from the Lord, to which he gave expression in Königsberg, was the sentiment of every Christian man.

This is almost a recantation, and will, of course, be used against the democratic criticism of the first speech. But the masses will not be soothed by it. There are epochs in the life of a nation when the first impressions of the words of those in power cannot be effaced by any number of explanations and interpretations. When lovers begin to "explain," love is generally at an end, and when rulers or leaders begin to explain, there is something shaky in the foundation of their position. The Königsberg speech may be made to fit in with the constitutional position of the Kaiser and King. But the demonstration that this is the case will be met with the reply: "All the worse, then, for the Constitution."

So far for one side of the question. The other is that the criticism and opposition of the National Liberal and Nationalist Press is, in a high degree, the outcome of the uneasy plight of their parties. These parties are in a state approaching decomposition. If William II. was going to rule in Prussia according to constitutional principles, as understood in countries

like Great Britain, he would have to form a Ministry of reactionary Conservatives and Catholics of the Centre party, for they constitute the great majority of the Prussian Diet. But this is the last thing our National Liberals desire. Like the old Whigs, they want the Government to carry out *their* policy. In regard to the great question of the hour—viz., franchise reform in Prussia—their policy is, certainly, a little more in touch with the desire of the mass of the people than the policy of the Conservatives. But it is not sufficiently in harmony with it to win them the confidence of the masses, and allow them an appeal to the democratic forces of the nation. They are unconstitutional in wanting the King and his Ministers to construct a policy in contradiction to that of the majority of the legal representatives of the nation. If they are right in maintaining that such a policy is required by the changed conditions of the nation, that the mandate for the present state of things is historically dead, they have not the courage to accept the necessary consequences. They want to maintain the appearance of constitutionalism without its true foundations. So their anger over the speech of William II. illustrates only the dissolving state of political life in Germany.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin, August 29th, 1910.

Communications.

THE CONFERENCE—A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Conference is being held; time is slipping by; political parties are being rewelded, and the whole world of political thought in Britain is directed to the question of the reconstitution of a Parliamentary Second Chamber.

Liberals know that the democratic movement, so strong and so clear, is stopped by the power of the House of Lords. Tories know that, with this power swept out of the way, their capacity for infinite doses of small wickednesses which they now impose upon the nation would be at an end.

I have no doubt the Government have had before them all the possible schemes of reform. The Tories have, to some extent, coquetted with one or two which have found their way into the Press; the Liberals have made no definite sign. I venture therefore to bring forward a suggestion, founded on history and constitutional experience, based upon the traditions of six hundred years, appealing to the instincts of our race to keep our own institutions of government instead of accepting from foreign countries some form of change which may not fit in with all the rest of our complicated and tradition-woven machinery.

Stated in the simplest terms the suggestion is to bring into active life and use the Privy Council of the nation, that *commune concilium* which has been shaped as all English institutions have been shaped, gradually and slowly, to suit the needs of the country. It is now only partially used; it is the one institution to which appeal can be made to meet an emergency not provided for otherwise, which answers to many calls, which is capable of extension in many directions, and which, if used for the purpose we have in view, will require the minimum of legislation to bring it into effective operation.

The Privy Council dates from Henry III., one of the monarchs whose minority, in the first place, and character, in the second place, brought about reforms which were to have a lasting effect. It has become the great advisory body of the Crown, constituted of persons appointed by the Crown, with no limit as to numbers, no special organisation, no powers, no rights. It is entirely fluid, and can therefore be formed for any purposes, small and great. There is nothing like it in any other country, and, indeed, no other country but England could have mothered such an institution. Without tracing out its history, which, on the whole, shows it to have done well for the country, we may quote Maitland's summary of its present position, "A meeting of the Sovereign with any of the Privy Council has enormous

power. It is the constitutionally correct, and in some cases the legally necessary, mode of exercising the common law powers, prerogatives of the Crown. It is the statutory means of exercising many—most, and those the most important—of the statutory powers of the Crown" (Const. Hist., 401).

Now these powers are not exercised by the whole body of the Privy Council, but either by a selected number for each special purpose, or by duly constituted committees of the Council. Thus, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the Supreme Court of Appeal for all the King's land outside the United Kingdom. The business that comes before it is of the most miscellaneous character. As Maitland has expressed it, "the world has never seen a tribunal with such world-wide powers."

My suggestion, then, is to use the constitutional powers of the Privy Council to act through a Committee, in order to create a legislative authority to take the place of the present House of Lords, whose legislative powers would be abolished. This Committee of the Privy Council would be styled "the Legislative Committee," and its powers, according to our notions of what the requirements call for, should be formulated in the manner presently to be described. At this stage it is not necessary to produce arguments for the scheme. It is enough to say that its object is to limit the powers of the Second Chamber to certain obvious necessities of legislation, and to leave alone all those adventitious accessories of Second Chamber powers and rights whose only object, often the avowed object, is not to correct and amend, but to frustrate the legislation of the Representative Chamber elected by the people.

Now, the obvious necessities are (1) revision powers over the Bills passed in the House of Commons, so as to secure that the wording of the Bills is in legal accord with the desires and intent of the House; (2) powers to put before the House of Commons considered reasons against the provisions of any separate clause or clauses of a Bill passed by that House; (3) powers to put before the House of Commons considered reasons against the final passing of any Bill in its entirety; (4) powers to report to the House of Commons suggestions for any fresh legislation which the Committee think is necessary; (5) powers of statute law revision and codification of those portions of statute law which require codification; (6) power to act on the instruction of the House of Commons in the preparation of legislation.

It will be recognised that here are very wide and extensive powers of the useful and practical kind, powers which will give all the protection needed against hasty or panic legislation, and powers which, in the hands of a strong and capable committee, will strengthen the capacity of legislation to meet the growing needs of the country at a quicker rate of progress than is now possible. The question now remains therefore as to the constitution of this Committee—the Legislative Committee of the Privy Council.

The Committee should consist of certain members by right of office, and certain additional members by right of appointment. The members by right of office should be the members of the Cabinet, the members of the last Cabinet of the Opposition, and the law lords. The members by appointment should be such members of the Privy Council, not being members of the House of Commons, as may be recommended by the Prime Minister to the Crown for appointment. Constituted in this way, the Committee might consist of, say, not less than sixty members, leaving it open to appoint more if considered desirable.

The action of the Legislative Committee would be a powerful stimulus to good and consistent legislation, and a powerful corrective to bad draughtsmanship or bad legislation. A report from such a Committee against the clauses of a Bill, or against a whole Bill, or in favor of fresh legislation, would be before the country, and the constituencies would consider such a report in the shape almost of a referendum without the difficulties of a referendum. Every Bill passed by the House of Commons would be submitted to the Committee, and ordinary Bills would be reported to the House quite simply. Draughting amendments would be reported in order to get them accepted or rejected by the House of Commons. Serious and important amendments or rejections would be reported at length, with arguments and facts in support of the Com-

mittee's proposals. But the ultimate authority would rest with the House of Commons, and the Committee would possess no powers of its own to amend or reject a Bill which had received the sanction of the House.

The House of Commons, representing the nation at large, would thus reign supreme, as it should, and the Legislative Committee of the Privy Council would act in a useful and powerful way without the power of doing mischief or hindering legislation. The country would, we venture to think, be satisfied with this appeal to one of its most ancient institutions. It would rely, as it has always done, upon its own unexampled instinct for political institutions, using what it already possesses for developing the growing needs of the country, and at one stroke getting rid of the monstrous fallacy which seems to rest in the minds of some politicians that the Representative Chamber cannot be trusted, but must be checked by a non-representative Chamber, or a Chamber created, not out of the progressive forces of the country, but out of the reactionary and non-progressive forces. No country in the world can be trusted with a Single Chamber as Britain can be trusted. There is no period in her history where she has travelled to excesses which have harmed her subsequent course. By the proposals now submitted for Liberal consideration the advantages of a Second Chamber constitution are secured without its disadvantages, and, above all things, there will be brought into active political life a great English institution which is capable of bearing this new development, and of further developments when needed, in a manner of which no other political institution in the world, ancient or modern, is, or has been, capable. The history of the Privy Council is full of examples of its adaptability for new purposes, but of all the instances, great as some have been, there is not one to measure with the importance of the present requirement. The country needs the assistance of the Privy Council as it has never needed it before, and if the country grasps the significance and meaning of the proposal now submitted, as it undoubtedly grasps the greatness of the need, it should make the demand before the Conference has done its work of negation or attempted compromise upon a principle in respect of which no compromise is possible.

The proposed reform could be brought forward in a Bill of very simple dimensions, which could receive the attention of the House of Commons and the country without any chance of misunderstanding or prolonged obstructive tactics, and it is because so much of the necessary machinery is already in existence that so little new legislation for the present purpose is required.—Yours, &c.,

LAURENCE GOMME.

Long Crendon, Bucks, August 29th, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LAND-VALUE FORMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would seem that there is an undercurrent of cant flowing through many of the letters of correspondents to Unionist journals relating to these forms. But is it not a somewhat sweeping assertion on your part to say that "the landowning class seems anxious to write itself down twice over as a really idle, decadent class, too listless" to acquire a thorough knowledge of its own property-holding? Is your reference to all landowners, or is it a "dig" at the land magnates?

I have a certain amount of sympathy even with the large landowner, who, in the holiday season, has sprung upon him, say, some 500 forms relating to his property, purchased at different times, often wrongly described in the rate-book, with occupations not coinciding with the original purchases, land-tax and tithe not apportioned, including undefined copyhold held, probably, of several manors, and with the title deeds more often than not in the possession of mortgagees—all details which, with many more, have to be filled in within a short period. And then each form will most likely have to be signed twice, which means 1,000 times in the above hypothetical case! And all this trouble undergone, and expense probably incurred, about land which,

owing to its agricultural character, will perhaps never be liable for either undeveloped land duty or increment duty.

But I have much more sympathy for the small landowner, who has not enough technical knowledge to understand, much less to complete, the form, and who, from a natural distrust of official advice, feels bound to consult a legal adviser. Only yesterday I came across a market gardener, owning and occupying about three acres, in part of which he had opened a gravel pit. Can anyone expect such a man to be able to place a capital value on his un-gotten gravel? Even if he does attempt, "he is," in your own words, "haunted by the thought"—and who would not be?—"what is the valuation that this and that answer leads up to, and how is it going to affect my pocket?"

A general opinion seems to be gaining ground that these valuation preliminaries are going to be the downfall of the Government. May the General Election be long delayed! I have heard several strong Liberals say that they can stand a certain amount of officialism and inquisition, but they really stick at these land-value forms.

Strongly as I support the land taxes, I feel in agreement with those who hold that Mr. George has made a very slipshod beginning at what he once foolishly hinted was a start at taxing the landowner out of existence.—Yours, &c.,
B. C. H.

Norfolk, September 1st, 1910.

[We are aware of the difficulties our correspondent states, and our remark applied not to the whole landowning class, but to those members of it who are now representing it in the Unionist journals. Some adjustment of machinery and real and competent official help and sympathy are, no doubt, called for; but, after all, the valuation is not a continually recurring matter, and its permanent worth is high enough to repay much of the trouble it causes. The nation has to learn a lesson in the meaning of land values.—ED., NATION.]

"EUGENICS AND SOCIAL REFORM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article on this subject you say truly that "the Weismann doctrine of acquired characters is still highly controversial in its application to sociology." There could not be a better example than the recent long correspondence in the "Times" on "Alcoholism and Offspring," which leaves us at the end with our sense of uncertainty but little diminished. It arose out of the "Memoir" on parental alcoholism prepared by Professor Pearson and Miss Elderton, and published by the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics. The Memoir shows that in certain large groups of families in Manchester and Edinburgh, the children of alcoholics are not inferior in general physique to the children of the sober. The startling conclusion has been widely drawn that parental intemperance has no causal relation to filial degeneration. But this is not established. Professor Marshall pronounces it "wholly untrue." "A large part, often the larger part," he says, "of the evils of drunkenness are seen in the next generation." High authorities tell us that the children of alcoholics have a special tendency in later life to become alcoholics themselves, whether this tendency be inherited in the strict sense, or transmitted in the intra-uterine stage. And even if we accept the strictest assumptions of Weismannism, we still have to recognise that an individual inherits many different tendencies, and that it is the environment which determines which of them shall be drawn out, and which left inoperative and latent. But if this be so, then it is not enough to avoid breeding alcoholics; must we not also fight against crowded homes, superabundant drinking-shops, monotonous conditions, and insufficient nourishment, training, and guidance? Professor Marshall deals effectively with the influence of alcoholism on the efficiency of its victim—a point altogether distinct from that of inheritance. The Memoir concludes (to quote the "Times" summary) that the wages of the alcoholic, as contrasted with those of the sober, parent show a slight difference compatible with the employer's dislike for an alcoholic employee, but wholly inconsistent with a marked mental or physical inferiority in the alcoholic parent. To this Professor Marshall objects that no such conclusion can be drawn from the particular families examined in the Memoir. Those on which the wage statistics are based represent a "low" neighbor-

hood; and it may well be that many of the alcoholics who now dwell there started with greater physical and other advantages than the rest, but have been driven away from better neighborhoods by their inefficiency, caused by alcohol. If we compared alcoholics and sober men who started life with the same advantages, we might find that alcohol had had a most injurious effect on the efficiency of the former. To select a low neighborhood, says Professor Marshall, in an ingenious illustration, is like selecting a low form at a public school which contains boys of fourteen and of sixteen, proving that their intellectual capacity is the same, and then arguing that boys of sixteen, in general, are no cleverer than boys of fourteen.—Yours, &c.,

C. RODEN BUXTON.

Bovey Tracey, August 27th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was glad to see in your excellent article on "Eugenics and Social Reform" that the writer drew attention to the danger of the one-sided attitude that some eugenicists have taken up with regard to social reform. "He—the thorough-paced eugenicist—regards all attempts to improve the condition of the people as mere 'tinkering with environment.'" Anyone who has attended eugenic meetings and read eugenic literature cannot but be impressed with the truth of this observation. And anyone who has been concerned with this "tinkering" cannot but wish to support the writer in his protest. May I be permitted to emphasise this point?

There are two factors in the attainment of the eugenic ideal that it seems to me the eugenicist, in his fervor, is apt to overlook. Firstly, we are, as a country, essentially democratic, and tend more and more so to become. "Government by consent" is the professed belief, even of our Tory leader. Now, so long as a large and an appallingly large proportion of the children of our working-classes grow up underfed, under-clothed, and under-educated, with the result that they are physically, mentally, and morally stunted, how can we hope to instil into them eugenic ideals and a sense of responsibility towards the future? Legislation can do little without the support of those for whom it legislates. It may shut up the feeble-minded—it is taking time enough over that—but it can do nothing drastically eugenic—and drastic is the only word for some of the Society's proposals—unless in so doing it be reflecting the will, not only of those whom it will benefit, but of its possible victims.

Secondly, there is the question of discrimination. How are we to say who are the fit and who the unfit when a large portion of our population has never been given a chance of proving its potentialities? We are too apt to assume that the social scale corresponds exactly with the scale of eugenic fitness. But one has only to think of the death-rate among the children of our lower classes to realise what must be the accompanying damage-rate. As has been proved by the results of our Poor-law schools, except in cases where the parents are feeble-minded, the children of paupers can be turned out self-maintaining and useful citizens. And, by the way, the qualities, good and bad, that during the last century have led to a high social standing, have not always proved their innate worth to the community when transmitted. The first move, then, towards the eugenic ideal, and a move without which legislation, if it were possible, would be both unjust and purposeless, is so to manipulate the environment of all our children as to insure to each one the right development of his or her faculties.—Yours, &c.,

EUGENIST.

September 1st, 1910.

ANOTHER PREDICTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You were good enough to insert a prediction of mine in your paper of November 6th, 1909, which was completely confirmed by the General Election. I venture, therefore, to hope that you may think the following prophecy concerning the Conference of interest to your readers. I believe that an agreement may be arrived at on the following general principles:—

1. That there must be a Second Chamber,

2. That this Second Chamber be not permitted to interfere with Finance.

3. That the Second Chamber be materially reduced in numbers.

4. That provision be made for preserving the hereditary element in this Upper Chamber, which will still be called the House of Lords.

5. That the possession of a peerage does not necessarily any longer confer on its holder any legislative privileges.

6. That these legislative privileges be restricted to those that receive the writs of summons from the Crown, as of yore; but that these writs be issued on the advice of the Ministers.

7. That enlarged constituencies be formed for the purpose of electing a certain number of members to sit with the Peers in this Upper Chamber.

I conceive that some such principles as these are the only alternative to the schemes propounded by Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, and they are more likely to commend themselves to the majority of Englishmen as being more in accordance with that spirit of compromise and love of historic continuity which characterises the Anglo-Saxon genius for Constitutionalism.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

2, Camborne Terrace, Richmond,
August 27th, 1910.

THE LOCK-OUT AT CRADLEY HEATH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May we appeal to your readers on behalf of the 500 women chain-makers at Cradley Heath who are now "locked out"?

The hammered chain-making trade has been called the classic sweated trade, and everyone rejoiced when it was scheduled under the Trade Boards Act.

Three months ago the Trade Board gave notice that it was proposed to fix a minimum wage of 2½d. per hour for the hammered section of the trade. The probationary period allowed for objections has now expired, but, unfortunately, the rates will not apply for a further six months if an employer is able to induce his workers to agree in writing to continue at the old prices.

The women, who, working laboriously for long hours, earn a bare 4s. or 5s. a week, have waited patiently for nearly twelve months to reap the benefits promised by anti-sweating legislation, and it is hard to contemplate the postponement of their hopes for at least another year.

For the matter does not end with the six months contracting-out. Were the agreements to be signed, stocks would be accumulated, and a lengthy period of slackness would result once the legal rates finally took effect.

About 500 women are now locked out in consequence of their refusal to sign these agreements. The position of those who are not members of any organisation is pitiable in the extreme. Naturally, their slender earnings do not allow of any provision for contingencies such as the present, and it is earnestly hoped that all who sympathise with their brave fight will rally to their support.

It has been decided to open a special fund for their support, and we earnestly appeal for subscriptions. Cheques should be made payable to D. J. Shackleton, M.P., and sent to Miss Mary R. Macarthur, 34, Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.—Yours, &c.,

On behalf of the Women's Trade Union League,
GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL, President.
D. J. SHACKLETON, Treasurer.
MARY R. MACARTHUR, Secretary.

Women's Trade Union League,
34, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
August 25th, 1910.

"ON SOME OLD-FASHIONED PHRASES."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article and correspondence on "Old-Fashioned Phrases" were exceedingly interesting. Most of the phrases mentioned are well known to me, and many of them I constantly hear. There is, however, an old Lancashire expression which I have never seen in print—"Lay o'es for meddlers, and crutches for lame ducks"—which some of your

readers may be able to explain. I give the first two words as pronounced, but I cannot claim that the spelling is correct. The only meaning I can attach to them is "Lay holes," and I have been unable to find any other interpretation.—Yours, &c.,

A RUSTIC BOOKMAN.

August 27th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Perhaps I may supplement the article under this heading with one or two more phrases which may interest your readers who have written on the subject. "Morricing about" used to be an expression for "playing," "prancing," "gallivanting," used either of the games of children or the pleasure-taking of their elders. It, of course, comes from the morrice-dances. Can any reader of *THE NATION* give an explanation of the term "nine bob square," meaning "askew," "awry"? Of course, eight makes a perfect square, and nine does not. Are "bobs" holes? Does it refer to some game? "Dressed up to the nines," again, no doubt, means "up to the highest number," as much as possible? What, again, is the origin of the phrase, "a nine-days' wonder"? "Coxcomb," quoted by "Ex-Parliamentarian" as used by Mr. Gladstone, is still certainly occasionally to be heard, but not often. It is an excellent example of what I may term "Victorian" English, and very well illustrates the old-world way of thinking in some definite concrete image. Connected with this is "his comb wants cutting," very frequent a generation ago. "Cock-a-hoop," again, appears to me to be quite dead. It means the splendid newly gilded cock in the hoop of the inn sign. It is years since I heard the saying, "A bigger thief was never hanged at Tyburn." "Worth a king's ransom," I suppose, may sometimes still be heard. I have seen "worth a Jew's eye" in books, but do not think I ever heard it. There is history in all these old sayings. Human language is a complete record of human experience. It is curious how each new discovery or development of things causes some old phrases to become obsolete. We shall not much longer be able to say, "I should as soon think of flying." I cannot agree with one of your correspondents that these old robust expressive phrases are as common as ever. The last person whom I know to speak Victorian English (I should call it pre-railroad) is, if she will allow me to say so, my own mother. I remember reading in some novel that the word "notable" (the first syllable short) meant, as applied to a woman, a good housewife. I had never heard the word, and I asked literally dozens of people if they had ever done so. They all said "No." A few months afterwards my mother paid me a visit, and the very first evening of her stay, in the course of conversation speaking of somebody, said "she was a very notable woman." "Spreel" used to be a very expressive term for "dress finely." If one comes to single words, however, the subject is endless. Many so-called Americanisms are old English words, taken across the Atlantic by the Puritans, which afterwards fell into disuse in the Mother Country.

Thanking your correspondents for their interesting communications.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

August 30th, 1910.

"SAMPLING THE MOUNTAINS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Every lover of the Alps will sympathise with the bulk of an article in your last issue. "Sampling the Mountains," however, contains some gloomy remarks for which there is little justification. The complaint that ice axes and ski have "turned the eternal snows into greased poles" is neither new nor true. Leslie Stephen has shown that even a mountaineer may possess a soul for the beautiful, and has revealed the fallacy of Ruskin's silly sneer. It would be passing strange if the real romance of the mountains were hid from those for whom every scar on the great cliffs has a meaning. The mountain one has climbed is a friend for life. Like all good things, the treasures of the snow can only be won at the cost of some trouble.

"It was," adds the writer of this article, "an evil moment when those innocent eremites of mankind told of

the beauty that overcame them. All is vanished now—beauty, mystery, passion, and all." Even if this dismal conclusion were true, the sentiment is misplaced in a paper that protests against the tendency of the rich to exclude the poor from their rightful heritage. Should we sacrifice the crude pleasure of the multitude to the cultured enjoyment of a small clique? It is easy to be a democrat in politics. It is harder to credit the soul of a cockney with a sense for the beautiful. And yet I know that this is the case. In a remote Alpine valley I once met four of the most obvious cockneys. They were investing the savings of a year in a fortnight's easy guideless climbing—guides cost money. A University degree is not essential to a proper appreciation of mountains. I could forgive them their misplaced aspirates for their generous enthusiasm, and I no longer regret the facilities of travel which, while vulgarising a few centres, have brought into commonplace lives the inspiration of the hills.

And the Alps have not lost their mystery. The funiculars and hotels have concentrated the traffic into a narrow groove. "The railways," says Mr. Belloc, "are trenches that drain our modern marches. Avoid railways, and you can get more peace than would fill a nosebag." The visionary gleam has not yet fled. To mountaineers this is self-evident, but even those who cannot climb need not know the Switzerland of hotels. There are many valleys that will never be spoiled, where one can still see the industrial life which is as old as the hills themselves. And in winter this is peculiarly true, for the parasite population has disappeared. The man who wanders from valley to valley on the despised ski has often to rely on the ready hospitality of the peasant. As I write, a picture comes back to me of a little lamp casting strange shadows across stained timbers, of the patriarch mumbling over his pipe, the father returned from a long day's woodcutting, the daughter spinning flax, and the children assiduously engaged on their lessons. The Alps are only superficially vulgarised. Generations must pass before they are really played out.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. M. L.

August 28th, 1910.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust you will find place in your columns for a letter from me—the letter P—who am feeling as much astonished, as grieved, at the cruel slanders that have been uttered against me—for, to say the truth, I have always considered myself the prime letter of the alphabet, the prince of letters—not only the proudest, prettiest, and pleasantest, but also the most pensive, pathetic, persuasive, powerful, and precious—in a word, the only perfect letter.

To begin with—without me you could have neither pedigree nor parent, and certainly no patrimony; your infants would have to forego baptism, your children their play and playmates; indeed, they would have no prairie, pasture, or paddock to play in, no posey to gather, no pony to ride.

There would be no pleasures or pastimes for anyone, no letters could be written, for you would have no pen, pencil, or paper, and, if even you could write them, there would be no post—you would even lose your newspaper. And when your weary day had drawn to its close, the night would bring you no sleep, no, not so much as a pillow to lie on. Your young daughters would be unable to plight their troth, they could receive no proposal of marriage, and, if they did, there would be no priest or parson to perform the ceremony.

Without me, none of you would have any companions or fellowship, no pilot to show you the purpose of life, no help to make you prosper and progress—you would have to abandon all peace, happiness, repose, and hope. I give you not only the past and the present, but promises for the future; yea, and I am not lacking in performances.

In my land are plenty and profit. I hold all prizes, possessions, and produce of the world. I give not only the purse, but the pounds and pence it contains. I bring with me patience, prudence, perseverance, experience, and inspiration, and have a panacea for every woe. Without me you would have neither prose nor poetry, praise nor

prayer, piety nor prosperity, gospel nor epistle, penitence nor pardon.

Your house would contain neither piano nor pictures, and you would be unable to secure either privacy or publicity. I lead every pilgrimage, and am the first in patriotism. I am always in pride and splendor. I dwell in a palace, and associate with popes, princes, potentates and paladins; without me they can have no panoply, palfrey, or pillion. I am first and last in all pomp, and I take the leading part in every pageant; he who forsakes me forsakes Providence, and in my train are perfection and paradise. As regards beauty, have I not given lovely names to many of my offspring? What girls' names are prettier than Pamela and Proserpine? What flowers more beautiful than primrose, poppy, pimpernel, pansy, and potentilla; what jewels than pearl and jasper; what fruits than peach, plum, pineapple, and apricot; what forest so lovely as the pine? What more attractive place names than Provence, Perugia, Padua, Palestine, and Parnassus?

What months sweeter than April and September, what virtues lovelier and more rare than purity, prudence, and patience, and what title of book more fascinating than "Peveril of the Peak" or "Pride and Prejudice"?

In French what words have a more charming sound than patrie, pensée, provençal, papillon?

What line of Racine more striking than

"Comme au jour de sa mort pompeusement parée"?

and surely in the following lines of Byron I do not offend the ear:—

"The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar."

Although I am perpetually proffering you presents, permitting your pranks, pandering to your palates, and pardoning your peccadilloes, your pernicious prejudices make you presume to prefer the letter V, which stands for all that is vain, vicious, and villainous! Hoping that when you have perused this epistle and pondered over my proofs, you will proceed to put me on my patrimonial pedestal.—Yours, &c.,

P.

August 31st, 1910.

ANOTHER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If you do not consider the subject exhausted, may I offer a word or two upon the unlucky letter P, which seems to have been dealt with rather hardly in your contributor's columns? One or two of his instances do not, to me, sound so ill as he represents. But what about Shelley's

"Pale, purple even"?

or Whittier's

"Pale and glow"?

the word pale here being used as a verb?

Does not the right juxtaposition of words play a large part in enhancing their beauty, and especially that graphic force which, to many minds, is near akin to beauty?

Scott's

"Emblems of Poverty and Pride"

is an instance, and his line,

"And if thou sayest I am not peer to any lord"

is another example.

Neither is it a case only of pure sound; it is of association of ideas as well, as in

"There is a land of pure delight."

Who would part with "perhaps" in

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid"?

"Perchance" is a word also that poets love, and who that loves the Old Testament would give up "peradventure"? "Preen," too, introduces our thoughts to the whole world of bird life.

"Perilous seas forlorn"

is one of the choice phrases of our language.

Although, perhaps, on a lower level, such a title as "Paradise and the Peri" used once to please many, with its opening line of

"One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden."

Passing from P solus, Ph. is surely sometimes phonetic, as in Euphonious and Euphony, and

"Purge thine eyes with Euphrasy and Rue"
may surely be left for our admiration.

Tastes proverbially differ, but surely the line

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"
is amongst the select ones of our language.

If then, P words are not all as euphonious as some others, "extenuating circumstances" may sometimes be pleaded in their defence.

V's came in for great praise, but what sane father would call his daughter "Vivien"?—Yours, &c.,

F. W. LOCKWOOD.

24, Hambleton Terrace, York,
August 31st, 1910.

AN AGED MINISTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There has just been reported the death of Dr. Frew, of St. Ninian's United Free Church, Stirling, at the great age of ninety-eight years. He was minister of St. Ninian's for seventy-six years, that being his first and only charge; and he had celebrated three ministerial jubilees, and had seen three generations come and go amongst his flock.

I heard him preach fifty-six years ago, when I was seventeen years of age, and he was forty-two; and I should say that his record is unique, amongst the Scottish Churches, at all events, and that he was the oldest minister in Scotland at the time of his death.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

August 30th, 1910.

THE MOTOR RAGE AND LAND MONOPOLY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is a pleasing picture you hold up to us—the working-class possessor of a £100 motor-car destroying the city land monopoly, "just as" the squalor and misery of the poor have been redeemed by—the gas-cooker. I was under the impression that the particular misery of the poor lay not so much in the paraphernalia of cooking, but in having nothing to cook; also, that, despite the advent of the gas-cooker, the squalor and misery of the poor still persisted in "defying Christianity and Progress." But let that pass. The coming of a cheap and reliable motor-car may, as you say, have some influence in the destruction of city land monopoly, but that rural land monopoly is equally effective as city land monopoly in depressing wages and retarding progress has been well brought out by Mr. Seeborn Rowntree in his recent book, "Land and Labor in Belgium." The cheap railway transit of Belgium has already done for the Belgian worker what the cheap motor-car is to do for ours. It has, as Mr. Rowntree shows, to some extent kept down the price of city lands, only to transfer the values to the men who "happen to own the agricultural land," and who just as exhaustively as their city brothers manage to extract from the workers their earnings.

Cheap motor-cars will have precisely the same general effect on the worker as have railways. By increasing the value of remoter land, they make it harder for the man who wants to put such land to a better use, to buy, or rent it. They enable the fortuitous owners of such land to appropriate to themselves "values due to the industry and intelligence of the workers." The beauty of the philosophy of Mr. Henry, the defect of the politics of Mr. Lloyd George, is that the former does not, the latter does, draw a false distinction between land put to one use and land put to another, between the site of a house and the site of a farm. That the agricultural portion of the community resents such distinction being drawn was aptly illustrated by the fate of so many Liberal candidates for agricultural constituencies at the last election. After all, the true test of the efficacy of any reform to benefit the workers is in the answer to the question: "Will it make land dearer or cheaper?"—Yours, &c.,

O. W. SORESENSEN.

LIBERALISM AND CANADA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should like to emphasise the letter of Mr. W. H. Clarke, of Toronto, appearing in your issue of June 11th, in which he pleads for the visit of some representative leader of Liberal thought to Canada.

I have just returned from the Colony after a stay of nearly two years, and have been impressed by the absence of any adequate conception of the message and strength of English Liberalism, in the Press, on the platform, and in private. So far as I am aware, no prominent Liberal, as such, has appeared publicly in Canada for a long time. That such a visitor would be warmly welcomed there can be no doubt; Colonial sentiment, other than on the Tariff question, approximates closely to Liberal ideals, but the channels through which the Press is supplied are apparently fed principally from Tory sources.

If the power and enthusiasm of the English democracy were more widely appreciated in the Dominion, the bonds of affection, which undoubtedly exist, although not always apparent on the surface, would be greatly strengthened.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. P.

Poetry.

ODE TO THE SUN.

(From Rostand's "Chantecler.")

THOU who driest the tears of tiniest grasses,
Who makest a dead flower a butterfly living,
When, stripping off their leaves like leaves of Fate,
one sees

Beneath the wind o' the Pyrenees
Roussillon's almonds fluttering.

I worship thee, O Sun! O thou whose aureole
To hallow each forehead, mellow each honeycomb,
Like mother's love divides and yet remains a whole,
Entering every flower-soul,
And into every cottage home.

I sing thee, and thou mayst my ministry ordain,
Who visitest the tub where drowns blue soap, blue sky,
And many and many a time chooseth, when thou art fain
To vanish, a humble window-pane
To launch therefrom thy last good-bye.

Thou bidst the sunflowers turn within the Rectory,
Upon the steeple bidst my golden brother shine,
And when among the limes thou steal'st with mystery,
Bidst dance on earth such tracery,
One dare not walk, it is so fine.

To enamel thou changest the pitcher's glaze instead,
When drying a dish-clout a flag thou dost unfold,
Sir Hayrick, thanks to thee, has gold to hood his head,
His little sister, Hive, has spread
Her riding-hood about with gold!

Praise to thee on the fields! Praise to thee in the vine!
Against the castle-gate, among the grass, all hail!
Upon the wings of swans, and in the lizard's eyne!
O thou who draw'st the grand outline,
And fillest in each small detail.

'Tis thou who dost detach the twin mysterious Nun
That slumbers and stretches below what's glittering;
To double all that charms thine is the art, O Sun,
A shadow giving everyone
Often more charming than the thing.

I worship thee, O Sun, that hidest mid-air roses,
God in the Burning-bush, flames in the water-spring;
Thou takest a humble tree,—'tis his apotheosis!—
Sun, without whom would be disclosed
Only itself in everything!

H. LIONEL ROGERS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vols. V. and VI. "The Drama to 1642." (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net each.)
- "Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness." By Henri Bergson. Translated by F. L. Pogson. (Sonenschein. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Spain from Within." By Rafael Shaw. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The English Home." By Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Argentina, Past and Present." By W. H. Koebel. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "An Eighteenth Century Marquise: A Study of Emilie du Châtelet and Her Times." By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)
- "Echoes of Sport." By Hilda Murray. (Foulis. 5s. net.)
- "A History of Verona." By A. M. Allen. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Tales of the Tenements." By Eden Phillpotts. (Murray. 6s.)
- "Nine to Six-Thirty." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Les Speakers d'Angleterre et des Etats-Unis." Par Georges Mer. (Paris: Larose. 2 fr. 50.)

ONE of the most promising memoirs of the season will be "The Glenbervie Journals," which Mr. Walter Sichel has edited for Messrs. Constable. Lord Glenbervie, who married a daughter of Lord North, was intimate with many of those famous in the political and social life of the later eighteenth century, and his reminiscences contain glimpses of Charles James Fox, Pitt, Marie Antoinette, Cagliostro, Madame de Staël, Lady Hamilton, Windham, Gibbon, and Lord Sheffield. They also give a shrewd estimate of Burke's true political position at the moment of his final break with his old political allies. Lord Glenbervie was a great reader and embarked upon several literary projects, among them "The First Canto of Ricciardette, Translated from the Italian of Forteguerra, etc.," which was privately printed in 1821. He was quick to recognise Scott's genius, and Murray, writing to Scott about the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," mentions that "Lord Glenbervie came to me with tears in his eyes. 'It is a cordial,' he said, 'which has saved Lady Glenbervie's life.'"

A GOOD deal of fresh information about the Oxford Movement may be expected in "Dulce Domum," a book dealing with the life of Bishop Moberly and his family, which Mr. Murray has in preparation. Newman, Pusey, Keble, Hurrell Froude, the Wilberforces, Dean Church, and Charlotte Yonge all figure in its pages. Both as Headmaster of Winchester, a post which he held for over thirty years, and, later, as Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Moberly exercised an important influence on Church affairs. Though a decided High Churchman, he was strongly opposed to the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

UNDER the title of "The Key to the Brontë Works," the Walter Scott Publishing Company are about to issue a book which aims at proving that "Wuthering Heights" is the work of Charlotte Brontë, and not of her sister Emily. The author, Mr. John Malham-Dembleby, advocated this theory a few years ago in the "Fortnightly Review," but we suspect that, unless he can support it by far stronger evidence than he then put forward, students of the Brontës will remain unconvinced. In the coming book, which, we are told, contains "most sensational revelations," he also treats of Charlotte Brontë's life at Brussels and of her friendship with M. Héger. Another and a much more promising contribution to Brontë literature will be Sir William Nicoll's edition of Emily Brontë's poems. It will, we believe, include a large number of verses not hitherto published.

SEVERAL interesting volumes of ecclesiastical history are promised for the coming season. Messrs. Longmans have in the press "The Dawn of Modern England: Being a History of the Reformation in England, 1509-1525," by Carlos Lumsden. It is written from the Roman Catholic standpoint, and treats of the political and economic, as well as of the ecclesiastical history of the period, the author's view being the fairly familiar one that the Reformation was a struggle between modern individualism and the semi-

Socialism of the Middle Ages. A somewhat similar task for the later Reformation period has been undertaken by an American scholar, Dr. Roland G. Usher, in "The Reconstruction of the English Church," which will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Appleton. Dr. Usher pays special attention to the influence upon the Church of the economic crisis of the sixteenth century. He has also brought to light a good deal of unpublished material, and his book contains an unknown set of Canons, five new accounts of the Hampton Court Conference, and other documents not previously printed. A third volume on the same period is Dean Wace's "Principles of the Reformation," which Messrs. Nisbet will publish in October. It deals with the historical bases and practical working of the Reformation principles.

TURNING to an earlier period in Church history, Messrs. Methuen announce "The Early Christians in Rome," by Dean Spence-Jones, of Gloucester. The aim of the book is to give a picture of the daily life led by the Christians of Rome during the first two centuries, and for this purpose Dean Spence-Jones draws largely upon the fresh material furnished by recent researches in the Roman catacombs. He also discusses the relations between the Church and the Empire, accounts for the hostility shown to Christianity by the two Antonines, and examines at some length the attitude taken by the Jews towards the new religion. The same publishers have in preparation a series of biographies, by Mr. Charles Platts, of some of the personages who played a leading part in the English church of the seventh century, prefaced by an account of three earlier figures—St. Alban, St. Ninian, and St. Kentigern. The title of the book is "Pioneers of our Faith," and Mr. Platts has not hesitated to make use of legendary matter when it helps to a better understanding of the customs and modes of thought of the period. Descriptions of early ritual form an interesting feature of the book.

JUDGING from the contents of the newspapers, crime and sport are the two subjects that find most readers. Both of these enter largely into a volume of reminiscences by Sir Henry Smith, a former Commissioner of the City of London Police, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce under the title of "From Constable to Commissioner: The Story of Sixty Years, Most of Them Misspent." In addition to a number of chapters on famous crimes and criminals, including the Edlingham and Netherby burglaries and the Whitechapel murders, Sir Henry Smith writes upon golf, racing, hunting, shooting, deer-stalking, and dogs. But the main interest of the volume for bookish readers will be what it tells us of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was Sir Henry Smith's cousin.

SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD, the secretary of the Royal Society of Arts, has written a book on "Industrial England in the Middle of the Eighteenth Century," which will be published shortly by Mr. Murray. Although the Industrial Revolution in England has been described by several historians, there is no single book which gives a technical account of each industry in sufficient detail for a comparison between its condition in the middle of the eighteenth century and its present state. The coming volume, which grew out of a lecture given before the Society of Arts, supplies materials for such a comparison, and enables the reader to understand the conditions which led to or accompanied the change from the old mercantile system to the method of almost unrestricted competition, out of which we seem to be passing.

NEXT week Mr. John Lane will publish Mr. Christopher Hare's biography of Charles de Bourbon, Francis I.'s famous Constable. Although the Chevalier Bayard, when dying on the field of battle, reproached Charles de Bourbon for taking up arms against his sovereign, Francis I.'s treatment of Bourbon was indefensible, and his defeat and capture at Pavia was only poetic justice. Charles de Bourbon's career, both in France and in the service of Charles V., as the last of the great Condottieri, until his death before the walls of Rome, is an excellent subject, and Mr. Hare's former historical biographies are proof that it will be capably handled.

Reviews.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA.*

THE number of living theologians who have acquired a world-wide reputation may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and it would command the assent of most people to say that at the present moment Professor Harnack, of Berlin, stands at the head of them. For the last quarter of a century he has been known to the learned world as a man who combined minute, varied, and profound scholarship with a vivid historical insight and remarkable gifts of expression and exposition. But it was not until he published his brilliant lectures on the Essence of Christianity a few years ago—lectures which were almost immediately translated into the principal languages of Europe—that his name and reputation became known to a more general public. Other theologians may equal and probably surpass him in the domain of abstract thought and constructive speculation. But in the field which is peculiarly his own—the wide and entangling field of Christian history, and more particularly the history of the early days of Christianity—he stands out as the most significant figure. It is for this reason that we make no apology for calling attention to the fourth edition of Dr. Harnack's "History of Christian Dogma," which has just been published in his native land. The appearance of this new edition of Dr. Harnack's principal work possesses more than ordinary interest, inasmuch as he informs us that this monumental undertaking has now assumed its final form. It is thirty years since he first planned it; it is twenty-five since the first volume came from the Press; during the whole of that long period he has followed, with the characteristic patience and industry of the German mind, all that has been written, discussed, and discovered relating to his subject. He now tells us that he intends to do so no longer; we are asked to accept his volumes as they now stand as his ultimate pronouncement on the evolution of Christian dogma.

But is there such a thing as the evolution of Christian dogma? Is it not an immutable truth which has been revealed once for all from Heaven, and is it not a contradiction of the fundamental conception of dogma to suppose that it is a variable thing, which passes through the successive stages of conception, birth, growth, maturity, and sometimes decay? Such at least was the opinion of Fathers of the Church like Tertullian and St. Vincent, and it is still the opinion of the type of theologian who believes that he can find the doctrines of the Nicene creed, or of the Council of Trent, or of the Thirty-nine Articles, or of the Westminster Confession, fully or implicitly formulated in the pages of the New Testament. To minds of this type dogma has no real history; it is a body of beliefs which has always, in all places, and by all men, been accepted and embraced as divine and infallible truth. But this theory of the immutability of dogma, once so universal, dissolves into an unsubstantial shadow when confronted with the facts of Christian history. An examination of the earliest Christian literature makes it abundantly plain that the Gospel did not originate as a new set of doctrines, but as a new spirit, a new attitude towards life, a new temper in the individual soul, and that the dogmas of the Church are the attempts of later generations to give intellectual expression and coherent form to the beliefs, hopes, and experiences of which the Christian consciousness is composed. The Gospel came from the hands of Jesus and his immediate followers in a literary, and not in a doctrinal, form; the most superficial examination of the New Testament suffices to show that it is a sacred literature and not a dogmatic code; and, in spite of all the dogmatic constructions of Councils, Popes, and Churches, the Christian faith in its utmost being is an inward spirit, and consists in obedience to an inward spirit, and not in assent to an external law. Apart from the momentous problems of its intrinsic truth and value, the Christian religion is, in the first place, a great historical fact, and it is to the historical method as practised by men like Professor Harnack that we must appeal in order to understand the doctrinal forms in

which this fact has manifested itself in the successive stages of its development. Before the rise of the critical spirit, the facts of Christian history were looked at from the point of view of tradition; in the eighteenth century, reason took the place of tradition; in the first half of the nineteenth century, reason was displaced by speculation; at the present moment, the final court of appeal is neither tradition, reason, nor speculation, but the best attested results of historical research.

Since the appearance of Dr. Harnack's previous edition of the present work about sixteen years ago, a great deal has been done which bears directly or indirectly upon the history of Christian dogma. Within that period Dr. Harnack himself has written a valuable Chronology of ancient Christian literature, he has delivered his lectures on the Nature of Christianity, he has published a large and important volume on the Expansion of Christianity, and during the last year or two he has given us the results of his inquiries into the historical value of the Synoptic writings and the Acts of the Apostles. The results of these labors have led him to recast much of the old material in the chapter in which he discusses the character of the Gospel and its earliest witnesses. He has not been led to make any fundamental alteration in his point of view, but the emergence of new facts, as well as the rise of new theories, has compelled him to amplify or modify, and in some cases to give more precise expression to, his own particular standpoint.

In recent years Modernism has arisen in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and the religious historic school professes to have originated a new and more fruitful method of inquiry into the origins of dogma. But up to the present neither the Modernists in this country nor on the Continent have added any serious contribution to the history of Christian doctrine. This is a field in which they might succeed in producing a deep impression upon their co-religionists; it offers them ample material for demonstrating the validity of many of their contentions, and it would be more difficult for the Vatican to deal with their historic facts than with their religious speculations. In these days much is claimed for the religious historical method, and wherever it can be applied with certainty to the rise and development of Christian dogma it is a valuable instrument of research. With the help of this method we are able to trace back certain Christian dogmas, as, for example, the New Testament doctrine of the devil, to Babylonian or other Oriental sources; it also explains the immense influence exercised by Hellenism on the vocabulary and general mental outlook of the ancient church. But these are not new discoveries. What the students of comparative religion have done has not been, so far, to present us with new points of view; it has mainly consisted in adding materially to the existing proofs that Christianity is not an autonomous, but a syncretic, religion. The Christian faith has unique characteristics of its own, and it cannot be resolved into a mere compound of antecedent or contemporary beliefs. But the individuality of Christianity must not make us oblivious of the fact that it inherited much from its predecessors and rivals, and that the blood of departed religions circulates in its veins.

One of the most important changes made by Dr. Harnack in the present volumes is his appreciation of Gnosticism. The Gnostics were the theologians of the first century. They were the first to submit the sources and traditions of the new faith to a close and rigid examination; they were the first to shape its hopes and beliefs into an intellectual system of dogmas; they were the first to present Christianity to the world in opposition to Judaism and paganism as the absolute religion. Gnosticism was a product of the general mental atmosphere of the age; its object was to lift the gropings of faith into the light of knowledge; its method was to allegorise the facts of the New Testament till they were transformed into a drama representing the struggle of the spirit with matter, of reason with sense. The early Christians, in the difficult process of turning the Old Testament into a Christian book, practically obliterated its historical character, and sublimated its contents into a history of the emancipation of reason from passion; the Gnostics followed in their footsteps, and submitted the New Testament to exactly the same process.

In the second volume, the interesting account of

* "Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte. Vierte neu durchgearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage, von Adolf Harnack." Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr. Price 58M.

Islamism is new. According to Professor Harnack, Islamism is Jewish Christianity in its Gnostic form, recreated and re-inspired by the genius of a great prophet. When we arrive at the Reformation period, Professor Harnack finds it necessary to defend himself against the most prominent and best-equipped of the younger generation of German theologians, Dr. Troeltsch, of Heidelberg. It is Dr. Troeltsch's opinion that the Reformers, like their opponents, were medievalists. Of Luther's faith he says that its form is Catholic; it only differs in its content. It is not till we arrive at the eighteenth century that we get a modern conception of the world. It is difficult to escape the feeling that Dr. Harnack somewhat modernises the great hero of the Reformation, but even if it be true that the form of his faith was Catholic, the substance of it had a liberating effect of the most momentous kind upon the human mind.

It would be a boon to the English-speaking public if the English publishers of Dr. Harnack's works were to issue a really good translation of at least the first volume of the "History of Dogma." The existing translation of the third edition hardly does justice to the original.

CHINA AT THE CROSS-ROADS.*

LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL's book on China and the future of the Chinese race deals so forcibly with conclusions of such importance that it is sure to attract attention and set many people thinking on the problems it discusses. We shall not, in what we have to say, attempt to criticise or test the author's line of argument, but shall endeavor to set a brief outline of it before the reader. It is distinct enough to admit of reproduction, even in a short article.

Lord William, who had already visited China, accepted, in 1909, an invitation to go out again on behalf of the United Universities' scheme for the foundation of a Western University in that country. On his, or rather on their, return, for Lord William was accompanied by his wife, it was judged that the views he had formed were of a kind to engage public interest, and it was suggested that his report should take the shape of a book. The suggestion was a happy one, for the traveller had surveyed the intricacies of the Chinese problem with an eye not lacking in the statesman's capacity for separating the vital from the insignificant, and, in consequence, had a decided and quite intelligible opinion on that problem to offer. The first half of his book is occupied with the lay history of the country, the character of its civilisation, the trend of its social and political ideals, and the ground gained by Western ideas, and forms the foundation for the author's decided conviction that what is sometimes called the "awakening" of China—its recognition of the value of Western science and Western inventions—is a process which has already gone so far as to warrant us in the assumption that it will not be interrupted. China has caught on to the principle of Western civilisation, and, for good or ill, it will work right through her system.

Hers was a rough awakening. The collapse of the Chinese armies, with their old-world accoutrements, before the German-trained, admirably armed forces of Japan, the action of Germany in demanding a cession of territory as the price of its murdered missionaries, the march of the allies on Peking and the sack of the city, the insult to China's *amour propre* conveyed in the selection by Russia and Japan of one of her provinces as the scene of their conflict, these were some of the rudest of the rude knocks which aroused China to the need of adopting, in self-defence, the resources which her enemies were using offensively. Under the circumstances, it is natural that the old definitively Chinese order of ideas, having proved powerless as a protection against the foreigner and his order of ideas, should of late years have been falling steadily into disrepute. But this further has happened: the disrepute of the old order of ideas has constituted the gravest possible indictment of the religion of the country. Lord William makes a point in this connection which is worth bearing in mind. The religious sentiment of China is, he finds, strongly practical and materialistic. It is

inclined, by the bias of its Confucian philosophy, to expect its reward here below and in concrete shape, and in challenging material tests it runs upon its fate. If the test of virtue is that it pays, it ceases to be virtue when it does not pay. If the test of the true religion is that it is strong and will prevail, it ceases to be true religion when it does not prevail. To the Chinese, holding such opinions as these, the reverses and humiliations they were called upon to suffer had a dual aspect. They were not only military, but religious reverses. The popular view, after the taking of Peking, was that "the spirits behind Western religion were stronger than those behind Boxerdom." Consequently, "one of the immediate results of the fall of the Boxers was to establish the spiritual prestige of Christianity"; while the second result, the result which has most widely and obviously influenced Chinese conduct since then, was "a respect for the military power of the foreigner," and a determination to acquire such power with the least delay possible.

The tenet, then, that "Western thought must be grafted on to Eastern civilisation" is, Lord William believes, "generally accepted" in China to-day. Now, what are the hopes, and what are the fears, suggested by such a prospect as that? In the mind of the author of this book they stand out in trenchant relief. The Chinese, as we have just said, are by nature inclined to materialistic views. They most easily assimilate those ideas which apply most directly to the outward circumstances of life. We on our side have developed a whole system of civilisation strongly marked by just the kind of materialistic success and efficiency which the Chinese have such a weakness for. There is not the slightest doubt that the more they see of the fruits of European science and technical research, the more their mouths will water for them. We shall make converts on that side fast enough. Moreover, they will be converts who are not likely to lag much behind their teachers; nay, who, in certain important points, may surpass them. The Chinese temperament seems singularly fitted to cope with mechanism. It is entirely proof against the stupefying and deteriorating effects of mechanical action. The Chinese are gifted, it seems, with an infinite patience, with a steady cheerfulness, and with totally insensitive nerves. They are ideal factory hands, and the life seems to have no ill effects upon them of any kind. Add these physical qualifications to the materialistic cast of thought already spoken of as characteristic of the race, and it is evident that you have a nation prepared to carry out to its farthest limit the practical instruction of Western thought and Western science.

Can the reader face that prospect with equanimity? We have been accustomed to think of the East as the home of the spiritual instinct. Is it to become in the future the stronghold of materialism? "Western materialism," the author of the work before us writes, "is spreading its malign influence over China." In Japan, the educated classes already profess "that they have long since ceased to believe in any religion, and they are calling upon China with great effect to follow their example." Already not only are the Chinese going in strongly for European instruction, not only are they swiftly assimilating all the practical ideas which our civilisation is so rich in, but they are arming and organising themselves scientifically, and even putting forward proposals, which are likely soon to be carried into effect, for universal national conscription.

The prospect is not entirely reassuring, nor can we comfort ourselves with the reflection that the self-educative process is likely, in China's case, to be a prolonged one. If Japan in but a few years learnt Western tricks enough to deal summarily with Russia, what is to prevent China from making the same progress? These are formidable pupils that we have in the Far East. But, even apart from that aspect of the case, and setting aside the possible threat which the training and turning out of four hundred million confirmed materialists armed to the teeth might convey to the rest of the world, it is certainly a grave matter that these teeming nations of the East, so long estranged from the West, as they take hold of our civilisation, should take hold of, and help themselves to, those very elements in it which we ourselves are inclined to distrust, or of which, at any rate, we realise the danger when untempered by higher motives and more spiritual ideals. Western civilisation has, as we all know well, a certain

* "Changing China." By Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil. Nisbet. 10s. 6d. net.

gross and rank side to it, a brutally materialised side. Are the Eastern races, as they lay hold of it, to lay hold of it by this? Is this our message to the East? It is all, apparently, that Japan has heard. Will it be all China will hear?

The reader will see to what Lord William's argument tends. What moves him is the spectacle of a vast population being debauched, so to speak, by the example of all that is most coarse and questionable in our mode of thought, without at the same time being stimulated by all in that thought which makes for intellectual and spiritual enlightenment. For China is capable of appreciating these latter elements. As regards religion especially, it is not with China as with many other ancient civilisations, as with the civilisation, for instance, of India or Turkey, where the West is met by a religious and philosophical system in many ways opposed and hostile to its own. Buddhism and Taoism in China are decadent and unimportant influences. The one important factor, "the one vital force in the land," is the philosophy of Confucius, and the philosophy of Confucius, far from being in any way opposed to Christianity, forms, in almost all particulars, a natural basis for it, and may even be said to lead up to and develop into it. A consequence is seen in the quality of missionary work in China. The converts made are not, as is so often the case in India, the "wasters" of the community, but, if we rightly interpret some of Lord William's pages, its most intelligent and energetic members. Moreover, the cause makes remarkable progress. The Roman Catholic missions have netted a million, while the other denominations have already taken a quarter of a million. The picture drawn of these centres of activity, of their practical, healing, educating energy, no less than their spiritual earnestness, is a stirring and at the same time a convincing one. Here the better side of our influence works. But can it work fast enough? Will it be in time to supply the antidote to the materialistic poison that is creeping so swiftly through the national veins?

It is a moment of doubt, a moment of suspense. China is figured to our imagination as some huge rock balanced on the top of a ridge, so nicely that a little persuasion will precipitate it down this side or that. It is impossible to watch the spectacle, to feel how much a touch one way or the other will count for now, without sharing the secret excitement which, as we feel, underlies the composure of the book we have been reading. In every department of life in China, its author writes, "two elements of Western civilisation strive for mastery. On one side there are arrayed the powers of Christianity and the interpretation of Western civilisation as a product of Christian thought; on the other side lies materialism, and the explanation of Western civilisation as a natural result of evolution which is developing an irreligious but most comfortable world." It is a case—but on what a scale!—of the good and bad angels, figured as prompting and counter-prompting our actions and thoughts, only that in the present case the angels are visible and their promptings audible. The loud plausibilities of the vulgar part of us are most audible, but audible, too, is the reasoning and persuasion of that better and more spiritual side of Western civilisation which really is its most fundamental portion. Which will prevail? On which side of the hill will the rock come down? We do not know, but it seems likely that, one way or the other, the present generation will decide the issue, and that those now living will see the question answered.

THE HISTORY OF TARIFFS.*

ON the principle that *Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht*, there can hardly be a better way of reaching a judgment on tariff theory than by studying dispassionately the history of the application; and the demand for a second edition of Mr. Ashley's useful book, which first appeared in 1904, is the proof of the service it has rendered. From the present edition he has dropped the interesting preface contributed by

Mr. Haldane to the first, wherein we were told how that many-sided student, after working over the problem with Mr. Ashley for a year, had urged his coadjutor to write an "introduction" to its study, and was in turn required to contribute an "introduction to the introduction." But as the book now stands, it is larger than the first by nearly a hundred pages; and the extra bulk stands for much serviceable new matter, and extended statistics.

The outstanding lesson of the whole history, as presented by Mr. Ashley, is moral and political. He goes little into economic issues—too little, from the point of view of Free Traders; but without for a moment incurring any charge of partisanship he makes it signally clear how largely, on the one hand, protectionism at all stages is in effect the pushing of a class interest; and how, on the other hand, all manner of circumstances serve to give to tariffism the political power it requires to achieve its purpose. Thus we see how, again and again, British dumping has exasperated foreign nations into tariff-making. It was so in the United States after the war of 1812; it was so in Germany after the collapse of 1873. Invariably the protectionist makes use of any possible plea that will serve to cover his self-seeking; and again and again we see self-seeking inspiring and transforming the policy of classes. In 1846 the British manufacturers in the mass opposed the landed interest; while to-day many of the same class turn protectionist, hesitatingly offering to the landed class a bribe to secure their alliance. In Germany, on the other hand, the landed interest, being largely concerned in the export of foodstuffs, was long substantially on the side of Free Trade; and the Protectionist movement was pushed by List's plea—which had been that of Hamilton for the imposition of a tariff in the United States—as to the importance of building up a nation as a whole. This plea, the origin of which Mr. Ashley seems to think lay with Hamilton, is far older than the United States; it is but the old patriotic dress of a class interest. Whereas Germany was prepared for Protectionism by the doctrine of the necessity of developing industry, Professor Wagner to-day pleads for continued and increased protection to agriculture on the ground that Germany is already too industrial, and that over-industrialism needs to be checked. Thus in one generation tariffs are advocated for the expansion of industrialism; in the next, for its restraint. Whatever may be the scientific convictions of the professors, the effective political force is simply the interest of the class that looks to profit by protection.

Special political interests play into the protectionist's hands. Mr. Ashley makes it fairly clear, though he might have made it clearer, that Bismarck up till 1878 was quite content with the Free Trade policy of his Prussian ministers, and that his conversion to Protectionism meant simply his determination to secure by a tariff the revenue for Imperial military purposes which the States of the Empire would not provide by increased matricular contributions. The agrarians were now suffering from the importation of Russian, Roumanian, and American grain, and were more than ready for the tariff which they had formerly opposed, consenting necessarily to give to the manufacturers that which they wanted for themselves. Similarly, in the United States, it is plain that Free Trade was carrying the day before 1860, and that only the overwhelming needs of the war period made possible the vast burden of import duties then laid on, which has been the basis of the tariff ever since. And in the American case we see how the taint of a sinister interest can paralyse a Free Trade party which consents at any point to subordinate the general to a class interest. The Free Trade movement there was, from the first, largely identified with the interests of the landowners of the South, who, like those of Germany, exported food and raw material, and were simply plundered by the taxation of imported manufactures. And the Democratic party, which on the side of Free Trade had a sound and strong ground of political equity, chose to identify itself in the mass with the cause of slavery, thus stultifying its claim to stand upon justice. The result was that every Democrat who had the root of the matter in him, and all the non-party men who saw truly on the fundamental issue, were driven to the side of the Republican party, which, after the war, committed itself more and more fatally to the cause of the Protection that during the war it had established.

No party, it would seem, wholly escapes the snares

* "Modern Tariff History: Germany, United States, France." By Percy Ashley, M.A. Second edition. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

thus created by the play of sectional interests. In Germany, when the battle between Free Trade and Protection was being decided, the Socialists stood ostentatiously aloof, declaring, at their Congress in Gotha in 1876, that they were "indifferent to the controversy raging in the proprietary classes as to Protection and Free Trade: the problem," they held, "is a practical one, and must be so considered in each particular case." They could not but see the disadvantage to the workers from the taxation of food, but, cherishing the delusion that a tariff on manufactures might increase the demand for labor and so raise wages, they stood aside in their doctrinaire fashion and let the Protectionist combination triumph. To-day, with the cost of living far higher in Germany than in England, higher even than in France, they can realise their blunder; as the workers in Australia and Canada one day may. In France we see the same perversity. A general animosity to everything associated with the name of Liberalism made the Socialists of 1848 ready to "make common cause with landlords and manufacturers for the defence of the Protective system"; and the bad results of their commercial policy played a main part in turning against them the *bourgeoisie* and preparing for the Imperialist reaction. In England, it will be remembered, the Chartists similarly sided with Protection simply because the middle classes and the manufacturers opposed it; and Cobden and Bright had hard work to countervail them. If to-day we see the Labor Party solidly arrayed on the side of Free Trade, it is thanks to that play of persuasive argument and that display of sincere public spirit which originally promoted the triumph of Cobden, and have ever since been the ideals of Free Trade propaganda.

Tariff history demonstrates, finally, the enormous difficulty of throwing off an import tax when it is once imposed. Successes in that direction are always the result of a special conjunction of circumstances: mere argument seems unable to effect them. In England, it is clear, the triumph of 1846 was made possible only by the overwhelming pressure of the bad harvest and the Irish famine; and even that pressure might have failed but for the political quality of Peel, who, in turn, needed the special pressure to make him act on his late-acquired convictions. If a similar rectitude has not been shown by American and other statesmen, we shall do well to doubt whether the explanation does not lie in the less powerful pressure of their environment. But it lies in the nature of Protectionism always to worsen the environment on the moral side. Minimising as he does the reactions of tariffs upon industrial development, and careful as he is to shun the semblance of party spirit, Mr. Ashley does not conceal the emergence, wherever and whenever tariffs are being made and recast, of an unscrupulous policy among those concerned. Of the economists whom he quotes, the majority do not deny the fact; some even among the more moderate Protectionists, both in Germany and in France, strongly affirm it, even if they do not very insistently point the moral. What economic historians do not emphasise, it is the business of moral and political historians and teachers to make plain. And in such a dispassionate historical survey as Mr. Ashley's they have their irrefragable data.

ROUND THE WORLD IN CORDUROY.*

MR. FRANCK, graduate of the University of Michigan, began his journey with a run from Montreal to Glasgow on a cattle-ship: "food unfit to eat, fore-castle unfit to live in." On food unfit to eat and in quarters uninhabitable he thereafter principally fared. Clad in corduroy, and carrying a Kodak, he painfully circled the globe. He beheld the seamy side of everywhere. The world he traversed was the underworld, the world of the submerged tenth. Returning to somewhere in America after months (or was it years?), he wrote a book of 502 pages; and when the present writer had travelled through a third of it, he felt verminous, cold, famished, and footsore.

Mr. Franck saw the silent streets of Glasgow on a Sabbath morning. He felt the rains of Belfast. He

tramped the northern portion of these isles with "moochers" who "cut up cabbages or peeled potatoes with knives on the blades of which were half-inch deposits of tobacco." He sailed from Gravesend to Rotterdam—steerage fare five shillings—with "a German *Hufschmied* and his bedraggled spouse." From Holland he footed it to Germany. At a lodging-house in Frankfurt, "I spread my germ-proof jacket across the animated coverlet and lay down." From Germany he trudged into France. Presently he was in Italy, and in Venice—housed in a shanty on the beach. He also dined in Venice, and it must have been worth coming from America to Europe for an experience such as this, in a "Kennel" against the cathedral of St. Mark:—

"Each client, conducting himself as if he had been fasting for a week, snatched a plate from the stack, thrust a paw into the box for a weapon of attack, and dropping a few coppers of most unsanitary aspect into the dish, shoved it with a savage bellow at that one of the kettles the contents of which had taken his fancy. . . . Neither bread nor wine was to be had in the house. On a board propped up across a corner of the room were several cylinders of corn mush, three feet in diameter, and half as thick. A hairless creature, stripped to the waist, cut off slabs of the cake for those who would have something to take the place of bread."

Now we know all about Venice, and how they dine there. True, the description would serve equally well for modes of dining in New York, London, or Paris. The hobo dines, when the experience falls to him, in much the same way the world over.

Naples:—

"'You have lodgings for travellers?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' growled the proprietor

"'How much for a bed?'

"'Two cents.'

"'I was sceptical, and demanded to see the lodging that could be had at such a price.

"'Giovanni, bring in the bed!'

"'A moth-eaten youth threw open the back door, and fired at my feet a dirty grain-sack, filled with crumpled straw."

Urged onwards, and ever in the company of the lean and lousy, the student from America dodged his way by boat to Marseilles, and sojourned there some weeks, a "beach-comber," fain to fill his belly with the husks of charity. It is at Marseilles they make the bouillabaisse that haunts the palate of the happy who have tasted of it. This is what bouillabaisse came to in Mr. Franck's case:—

"A bowl of water, grey in color, and of the temperature which the doctor calls for when he has by him neither a stomach-pump nor a feather with which to tickle the patient's throat, contained one leaf—and that the very outside one—of a cabbage, half an inch of the top of a carrot, with the leaves still on it, and three sprigs of what looked like grass."

Why not commit crimes and go to prison? But no; Mr. Franck was bent on seeing it through; and at every sorry step he takes, our admiration for his courage and endurance vies with our sense of thankfulness that we did not share his pilgrimage. He was dumped from a steamer ("A.B." was his condition in it) into the black inferno of the wharves of Port Said. Here he earned twelve cents and a half per day by pounding something in a pestle. "What we were beating up and what, in the name of Allah, we were beating it up for, I do not know to this day." Another steamer loosed him at Beirut, where he engaged himself as secretary to a bumboat-man. Thence he plodded into the wilds of Palestine, on into Egypt, and back again to Port Said, and from there stole a march characteristically on the Far East. He visited the realms of Gautama, the heart of India, and the land of Pagodas. He footed it across the Malay Peninsula, penetrated into the jungles of Siam, and wandered in Japan.

Certainly it was a famous trip, and Mr. Franck must have entered the portals of home with the feelings of a conqueror. His parents may have been a little surprised to see him; any son a degree less hardy must have reached home in a coffin. In his preface, Mr. Franck gives us one or two reasons for this tramp's tramp around the world. He wished to gain some "vital knowledge of modern society" by living and working "among the world's workmen in every clime." But it cannot be said that he either lived or worked in any clime, and the sociological value of such a volume as this is trifling. A tourist travelling in the ordinary style through Europe could have slugged it for a few days in all the cities visited by Mr. Franck, and picked

* "A Vagabond Journey Round the World: A Narrative of Personal Experience." By Harry A. Franck. Unwin. 15s. net.

up just as much "vital knowledge" of fleas and filthy inns and food unfit to eat. Again, as a professor of modern languages, "foreign travel promised to add to my professional preparation." Travel in the slums? Throughout Germany, France, and Italy, Mr. Franck could scarcely have caught, save by chance, many correct or literary idioms. Suppose that a young professor comes to us from Russia, and says he wishes to be able to teach English when he goes home again. "Nothing easier!" we reply, with Mr. Franck's example in mind. "Take a bed-sitting-room for a week-end in Whitechapel." He does so, and returns to instruct the youth of St. Petersburg in the Hinglish Lengwidge.

THE ROCK GARDEN RAMPANT.*

THE extension of the Bodleian Library has been undertaken none too soon, in view of the enormous output of gardening books in general, and of works devoted to Alpine plants in particular. It was perhaps with a view to forming a peculiarly appropriate home for the latter that the authorities decided to have the new library underground, making what horticulturists call a "sunk garden."

There is much delving to do in connection with rock plants. Stone has to be quarried for one thing, and pools, bogs, valleys, and banks have to be formed. But flower-lovers revel in the task of changing the earth's surface. At the Temple Show nowadays we see movable mountains and peripatetic ponds, with flowers on, around, and in them, all within a stone's throw of the formidable warship which guards Somerset House.

There are several admirable features about Mr. Meredith's book on Alpine plants, and not the least is the practical sympathy which its author displays for those unhappy beings who have no natural rock about their grounds, and who have to begin at the very beginning. It is a very easy thing to cart in a few loads of soil and stick some burnt "clump" bricks in it; but alas, that, as we often see to our horror, does not make a rock garden.

There is probably no more puzzling horticultural task than that of making a rockery which shall look as though it really belonged to the place. A rock garden has a thoroughly mulish propensity for getting out of hand. Hundreds of amateur Alpinists find themselves, half-way through the making of a rockery, in a state of collapse on the sharpest-edged stone in the heap, surveying a monstrosity that bears no more resemblance to Nature than a builder's yard.

Mr. Meredith knows all this as well as we do, and he makes a most praiseworthy attempt to guide the unskilled hands of the beginner. Not only does he give excellent and clear instructions on such knotty points as perspective and proportion, but he devotes a series of photographs to the task of illustrating the gradual rise of a rockery, from the moment of clearing the ground to that of standing in triumph on the last stone. If we feel any misgivings it is because the size of stones shown—apparently huge blocks weighing several hundredweights each—makes us wonder whether the small gardener, who needs guidance most, will find just the help that he seeks. Mr. Meredith is clearly a large-stone man, for he speaks of an average of 15 to 20 pieces per ton. Many must work with pieces of 150 to 200 per ton, and it is this class which so often falls into the "plum-duff" error. That cliff-like walls of huge boulders are not essential to successful rock-gardening, the photographs of the author's own garden shows. One of these, facing page 98, shows a sloping bank with irregular lines of flat stones leading to a higher mound. There appear to be no large masses of stone in the foreground, but the effect is very pleasing; and there cannot be a doubt that with a judicious use of flat stones, small groups of suitable shrubs, and clusters of rock here and there, many a slope which is now furnished with nothing better than rough grass could be made really beautiful and interesting.

* "Rock Gardens: How to Make and Maintain Them." By Lewis B. Meredith. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.

The culture of Alpine plants will extend even more rapidly than it is doing now, when flower-lovers realise that elaborate erections of huge stones are not essential. It is generally a mistake to enter on a course of high building, for the cost is enormous, and the effect often harsh and dull, as it is long before the stones are thoroughly enlivened with flowers. On the other hand, there are thousands of gardens in which a judicious "sowing" of stones and grouping of shrubs would entail very little cost, while at the same time giving a grace and informality sadly lacking in stiff borders and rectangular lawns. More especially is this the case where water can be introduced, as it may be in numerous instances where it is never thought of. We note with pleasure that Mr. Meredith is both copious and practical on this matter of water, showing how it can be utilised with good effect.

The book is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to construction, and the second to plants. Thoroughness marks both, although in the case of one or two genera Mr. Meredith fails to do justice. For instance, he dismisses Crocuses in four lines, stating that a selection can be made from any bulb catalogue. So far as the common Dutch varieties are concerned, this may be correct, but it is by no means so of the beautiful Autumn and Spring flowering species. Ample details are given of most of the principal genera, such as Androsace, Anemone, Campanula, Dianthus, Gentiana, Primula, and Saxifraga; and very few good things have escaped the author's attention. He is up-to-date with Primulas, having seized on the newer species, such as Bulleyana, Cockburniana, Pulverulenta, and Veitchii. Among the Gentians, however, he has missed the beautiful July-flowering Freyniana, and the fine variety of Septemfida called Latifolia. One of the best of the Iberises, Garreiana, is not named. Many blue Pentstemons are chosen, but not the lovely red Hartwegi. More serious, perhaps, is the scanty information about Narcissi, an important genus to which only a few lines of an evasive character are given. Mr. Meredith might, at least, have said a word about those little gems, Johnstoni Queen of Spain, Triandrus, Bulbocodium, and Minimus, which are charming on the rockery. Saxifraga bryoides is not a form of biflora, but of aspera.

A few errors of spelling need correction. One case looks worse than a printer's error. It is "Puschkinia scilloides," which is not only given as "Paschkenia schilloides," but put between "Parrya" and "Pelargonium," whereas it should come between "Pulmonaria" and "Pyrethrum." "Aubrietia Dr. Meeles," in the inscription facing page 14, should be "A. Dr. Mules."

These slight blemishes notwithstanding, Mr. Meredith's book remains one of the best on its subject which we have been privileged to see. If those who read it bring half the taste, knowledge, and care to bear on the formation of their rockeries which he has devoted to his work, their gardens will be the fairer and brighter.

DEATH AND SPORT.*

THERE are no secluded districts left in England now. The railway, with its rigid lines and fixed stations, while it went all over the country with its network of communications, left a good many wide spaces between the meshes. But the cycle and the motor, tied to no rigid lines or fixed places of arrival, have penetrated into all these recesses; and, wherever there are roads, the current of traffic now runs, bringing the outer world past the door of the remotest cottager. The separate and distinct peoples, with their separate and distinct dialects, manners, superstitions, and local traditions, living in the isolation of the more remote English districts a generation ago, are rapidly disappearing. The stream of constant intercourse from the larger world outside has been acting like a sand-blast upon local peculiarities and customs, wearing them down by steady erosion into more or less conformity with the general national type.

* "Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads." By Oliver G. Ready. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ready, in this book on "Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads," has missed a fine opportunity of depicting the life, as it was a generation ago, of one of the most interesting of these self-contained and isolated districts. His title is not quite exact. He does not deal with the Broads district proper, but with that curious amphibian country which lies between the main Broad district and the North Sea, of which the Broads are a boundary on the inland side—a district lying along the low range of sand dunes between Caister and Mundesley. His father was rector of Waxham and Palling, and his book is his remembrance of a boyhood spent in these villages. Shut in between the sea on the east and the wide maze of rivers and lagoons and marshland on the west, no district could, in the old days, have been more completely isolated from the world. Its people were fishermen and farm laborers, marshmen and smugglers, maritime and agricultural at the same time, with a characteristic life of their own fostered by the unique physical conditions of the country in which they lived. A boy brought up in such a district, and turned traveller and author in later life, might have given us a fascinating picture of it all. That, however, Mr. Ready has completely failed to do. His main subject of interest appears to be the killing of wild things. The life habits of the wild creatures, furred or feathered or finny, hardly concern him, except in so far as a study of them is an aid to killing them. Such things as do not lend themselves to the sport of killing do not seem to have interested him at all.

"Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads" is, in short, a book of the sort which the work of men like the brothers Kerton and others, genuine observers rather than destroyers, is rapidly making obsolete. There is happily a dwindling audience to-day for mere records of slaughter masquerading as stories of "sport." The man who essays to give us the story of life and sport in any selected district must have a larger and better equipment than the lust for killing. The paraphernalia of destruction, the guns and hooks and nets and traps, have given place to the equipment for observation, the note-book, the field-glasses, the camera. "Present times," says Mr. Ready, in the last paragraph of his last chapter, "may be more prosperous, new manners may be more fine, while 'larnin' we know, is nowadays required of all—still, give me the Old." There was really no need for Mr. Ready thus to label himself. The man who can give us the story of the life of a district is the man who delights in the observation of that life. Any man with a gun or with nets and traps can destroy it.

COPYBOOK ART.*

MESSRS. NELSON have reason for feeling grateful to Mr. Vachell. His new novel, "The Other Side," should be immensely popular, since it hits the mean between a lively tract and a moving tale. If there be anything in the tenets of the Theosophists, which our author would seem to have exploited in mild but determined fashion, to suit his purpose, the shade of the illustrious author of "Sandford and Merton" should greet Mr. Vachell with effusion when he, too, reaches "the other side." "In my day I knew fame as the disseminator of an improving tale," Mr. Day might modestly remark, "but you, my dear sir, have edified the world with a dozen tales, in all of which the pleasures of virtue are painted in the most lively but discreet colors. Sir, I am proud to hail my successor."

The hero, David Archdale, is a Genius. There can be no question of that, because Mr. Vachell significantly gives his novel the sub-title, "The Record of Certain Passages in the Life of a Genius," and his simple moral proves how much poorer we should all feel ourselves if we had not Geniuses who yielded to temptation, and warned us, common folk, back into the right path. The notorious connection between Genius and Sin is adroitly glanced at by Mr. Vachell in his first pages. Poor David is the son of

"a clever, good-for-nothing, reckless sensualist," who goes to the bad; and then Providence sends along an ideal guardian in the person of Sebastian Fermor, the Sherborne organist, "a quiet, self-effacing man." In a scene between the altruistic organist and his friend, the good Vicar, the latter sententiously observes, "You will have your work cut out. The Devil will fight hard for that youngster. . . . This will be a wrestling match between heredity and environment. I predict plenty of excitement; not now, but later." We quote the Vicar as an example of the instinct of all the characters in the story to keep the loud pedal down on the solemn theme of "Life's Battle." The good organist is depicted on page 35 as falling into a reverie when "sitting in the cloisters, and turning his eyes towards the huge square tower of the Abbey . . . he thought, 'What will these things whisper to the boy?' And it would be his lot to show these things to young eyes and an eager mind. Not an object in earth and sky, from the filmy veil of mist melting in the sun to the immemorial stones of the Abbey, but had its message, its *Jubilate*, its *Te Deum*, and its *Miserere*. He rose up, his plain face transfigured by the faith that a triumph withheld from himself might be vouchsafed to another."

It was vouchsafed. The Genius is kept in ethical leading strings till he is twenty-three, thanks to the good organist, who resigns his post at Sherborne Abbey Church, and to Mary Pignerol, whose "inner mind makes her David's superior." Mary, with touching meekness, insists to her worthy father, Louis Pignerol, the French master at Sherborne School, that she is "unworthy to become the wife of a genius," and as this is the most brilliant remark she makes in the course of the novel, we hasten to agree with her. It is unfortunate for Mr. Vachell, in a story which illustrates the well-worn theme of Goethe's last lines in the second part of *Faust*, that he cannot draw a woman. Mary has no trace of individuality. We take it on trust that she is of the feminine sex, because we are told that she bears David a daughter, but the fact remains that she is a chilly wraith of moral perfectibility. She enunciates some sublime commonplaces, but the latter show scant vestige of a woman's feeling, as, for instance, when, on the occasion of David's confession that he has "something to say which ought to be said to an audience," she thinks, with the kisses upon her lips: "The nightingale sings to his mate, unconscious that the world is listening." A young woman who thinks in such literary phrases deserves what she gets—David to wit—but, at any rate, Mary serves to point the moral if she does not adorn the tale. David, after recklessly going up to New Bond Street to buy Mary an engagement ring, in a chapter significantly headed "The Fleishpots of Egypt," escapes back to Arcadia and married life. As a specimen of the young couple's spiritual intercourse in their honeymoon, we select the following:—

The honeymoon was spent in the New Forest, in a small inn upon the high moorland. Each day the lovers wandered through a fairyland of vernal loveliness, ever seeking new paths to new beauties, and then returning to favorite spots to find them changed by sun and shower, inhaling the freshness and fragrance of Arcadia, talking eagerly, but often silent, as the mystery of life and love encompassed them. At night they fared forth again, unable to resist the call of the forest. . . .

"David, in the Abbey, when you played your '*Miserere*' upon the day when you asked me to marry you, I prayed that I might go first."

Instantly she felt his arms about her, arms strong to hold fast whatever they held dear.

"Mary!"

"Then I prayed that I might live, that we might both live for a long time."

"Dearest, it is reasonable to expect that we shall."

"I don't think so."

"What do you mean?"

"I have a conviction to-night that I shall go first, and that I shall go soon."

There was no fear in her voice, but a strange wonder and awe.

"Isn't this morbid?"

"Oh, no. We have never talked of death, you and I, but it used to be the subject of many talks between father and me. He believes in reincarnation."

"Do you?"

"I am not sure. That is where father is so wonderful. He never imposes his beliefs upon others. He says that we must search for our creeds, and build them up, humbly but hopefully. I hope that we are given other chances, innumerable."

* "The Other Side." By Horace Annesley Vachell. Nelson & Sons. 2s. net.

able chances, that we go on and on till we are absorbed in the Power which created us."

The moon came out, resplendent, flooding the moorland with light. David seized Mary and gazed into her upturned face, as if searching for some assurance that she would not leave him.

"Mary," he said, "I wish I had your faith in the unseen. I used to be afraid of the dark. When I was a small boy I had to have a nightlight in my bedroom. Perhaps the light means more to me than to most men. My music comes to me when I see the light. In the dark there is silence. If the light ever failed, if I went blind, I know that my music would leave me. I have spoken to father about it, and he said there is a scientific explanation for this. The vibrations which produce color, produce sound. Mary, if you went, it would be very dark."

Three hundred and twenty-five pages of this gets on the reader's nerves. However, let us hurry on to the "Other Side," the spiritual message that the novel delivers to us. "Mary, if you went it would be very dark," says the Genius, David, who soon succumbs to the London fleshpots by composing a musical comedy, "The Peer and the Peri," which is an immense success, and brings him in pots of money. Mary, "worn to skin and bone" by the London season, gets typhoid on a Continental holiday, and incontinently dies, and then David goes from bad to worse. Instead of finishing his masterpiece, the oratorio, "Solomon's Garden," he sets to work on "The Belle and the Tiger," becomes a celebrity, and descends quickly the primrose path. "Regimental bands played his marches, young England, male and female, warbled his songs; his waltzes were inscribed upon every ball programme throughout the world. There were 'David Archdale' ties and collars, and cigars and roses."

The consequences are most serious. Good little Mollie, his only daughter, gets spoilt, and at the age of eighteen she takes to reading the popular novels (that ought to be, but are not, censured by the circulating libraries), and to dreaming of "a triumph in Mayfair." Things look blacker and blacker, when Providence intervenes, and, by the instrument of a motor accident, hurls David, at last, to "the Other Side." When David gets to "the back of beyond," we regret to say that he does not lose his old habit of platitudinising. He sees "myriads of spirit forms, so shadowy as at first to be imperceptible, hovering about all human habitations, and passing in and out of living bodies." He experiences "a tremendous sensibility as to the unmistakable difference between good and evil." He has divers conversations with friends and acquaintances, receives a message from Mary's spirit, about the inscription written on the inside of her wedding ring, and holds a conversation with the "tall and imposing spirit" of a famous soldier, who breaks the [spiritual] ice by remarking, "I was present at the first performance of the 'Peer and the Peri.' Also, you attended my funeral."

We need not dwell on the thrills that follow. David is shot back into his earthly body by the instrumentality of his prayer to help Mollie. He has, before this happens, floated as a spirit through the rooms of his London club, and listened to the gossip about his death, and thence passed to his home, and seen Mollie asleep in her bedroom with a poisonous "fungus" novel lying upon the counterpane. Then he has an improving interview with Mary's spirit, and consents "to go back unconditionally to earth and surrender absolutely." Mr. Vachell's "Genius" is certainly so distressingly unreal a personality on "this side" that he would seem to belong by rights to the limbo of inchoate creations on the other. But one statement we must protest against with the courage of despair. David's spirit is told that "there are no restrictions and oblivions" in the spirit world, and thus he is at liberty to write as many more "musical comedies" as he pleases. If this dictum applies not merely to musical comedies, but to two-shilling novels, we go on strike. It cuts off the reviewer's last hope of escape. If all our popular novelists, as we are told, when they "pass," are going "to carry hence the same desires, the same ambitions," would it not be safer to stay here and review them, one by one, in the flesh, than be translated and have to read all the new spirit works of countless shoals of writers who have been improving the generations from the times of Mr. Day to those of Mr. Vachell?

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. KENNEDY is the first to give us a complete edition of the poems of the eighth-century Northumbrian poet, Cynewulf, with a substantial introduction ("The Poems of Cynewulf," translated and edited by Charles W. Kennedy, Routledge, 6s. net). The demarcation between the poems actually Cynewulf's and those accredited to him is a useful simplification. Recent investigation has assigned to the poet the "Elene," "Juliana," "Fates of the Apostles," and a portion of the "Christ." Being personally signed by him, they are beyond dispute. Outside these havens, however, we are on the high seas, infested by buccaneering theorists. The identity of Cynewulf is entirely conjectural. The passage which Mr. Kennedy quotes from the "Elene" in evidence of the poet's old-age repentance through the vision of the "glorious Cross" is too common a theme in Anglo-Saxon and Norman religious and homiletic poetry to enlist much belief. In tracing the development of the poet's genius from "Juliana" in its bud, to "Elene" in its flower, Mr. Kennedy disposes his evidence lucidly and agreeably. Among the poems of merely probable authenticity—the "Andreas," the "Guthlac," the "Phoenix," and the "Dream of the Rood"—Mr. Kennedy, hemmed in by vehement controversy, does little more than make reconnaissances and guarded decisions. With some exceptions, Mr. Kennedy's work is sound scholarship. The unqualified statement that "with the conversion of England to Christianity, the pagan element disappeared" is manifestly too sweeping. As for Cynewulf's poetry, for all its irrelevancies and patchwork, it is full of sap. Mr. Kennedy notes his feeling, the "freshness of outlook upon life" combined with a realisation of its transience. There is a like autumnal tint in the Beowulf epic, where, as in Cynewulf, these two elements of Saxon poetry are so finely shaded. Roughly speaking, Cynewulf and his disciples usher in a more subjective and self-conscious stage than the epic mood of Caedmon and the folk-sagas allowed. The actual translation is meritorious enough, though over-literal. In the narrative poems especially the reproduction of the repetitions and rhetoric peculiar to Anglo-Saxon poetry wants light and elasticity. The more lyrical poems, particularly the Advent hymns, retain the glow and march of their originals.

* * *

THE latest addition to the series, "Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them" (Black, 3s. 6d. net each), is a volume on "Romanesque Architecture," by Miss Edith A. Browne, with forty-eight full-page illustrations from photographs. The series is intended for the amateur, and the author of this work accordingly contents herself with a short, though extremely lucid, sketch of the genesis of Romanesque, its varieties, and some principal examples. Of Early Christian churches she writes: "Some authorities consider that these buildings were evolved from the Roman dwelling house." This reminds us that the whole subject of the influence of civil upon ecclesiastical architecture in Italy is very ably described by Mr. J. Wood Browne in "The Builders of Florence," published three years ago, a work which may be recommended to the student who is stimulated by Miss Browne's handbook to expand his reading. The present volume is an excellent introduction to the study of Romanesque. While pointing out the kinship between the latter and Byzantine architecture, the author draws a clear line of demarcation between the two, showing how political influences and the points of difference between the rituals of the Greek and Roman churches affected the development of Byzantine and Romanesque. Dealing with Romanesque, perhaps one should say Western Romanesque, to distinguish it from the Byzantine or Oriental form, she treats its local varieties in Italy, Germany, France, and Northern Spain, with a true sense of their different characteristics. Norman architecture, which is, of course, an off-shoot of French Romanesque, is not touched as regards its development in England, since that subject has been dealt with in a separate volume; and the Romanesque of South Spain is too much permeated by Moorish influence to come within her scope. The Romanesque style has been called the connecting link between the Classic and the Gothic, and is sometimes con-

denmed—as the later Baroque has been more widely condemned—as “debased.” Not only does Miss Browne vigorously combat this suggestion, but she claims that the Romanesque builders were the pioneers of Gothic, that Gothic is, in fact, the realisation of Romanesque ideals. This contention seems to us to savor of over-statement, except in the case of Italian Gothic, which never really shook itself free of Romanesque influence; but it is almost inevitable that, with a transitional style, too much or too little should be claimed for it. The plates in the second half of the volume are splendidly produced, and some useful notes on their subjects are appended.

* * *

IN “Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena” (Laurie, 10s. 6d. net), Mr. Hereward Carrington gives us a biographical sketch of the famous Italian medium, and a *résumé* of the more striking experiments in which she has taken part. For many people the question of the genuineness of any spiritualistic phenomena brought about by Eusapia’s agency was settled for ever by the demonstration of her dishonesty at Cambridge in 1895. But Mr. Carrington, though at first a sceptic, has ended by believing that she is a genuine medium, and that her phenomena, in some cases at least, are due to supernatural agency. The most interesting section of the book is an account of a series of experiments made under Mr. Carrington’s direction at the close of 1908. Mr. Carrington has a knowledge of conjuring, and is known for his exposures of the tricks of mediums. He was assisted by Mr. Baggally, who is another expert conjurer, and by Mr. Everard Fielding, the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. The experiments were carried on under conditions that, in his account of them, seem to render fraud impossible; and that Mr. Carrington, while still disbelieving in all other mediums, should accept Eusapia Palladino as genuine, is a fact of some importance in the history of spiritualism. In the nature of the case, no written evidence can convince an unbeliever, but all interested in the phenomena of spiritualism ought to read this book, which is one of the most curious contributions made to the subject since Myers’s volumes were published.

* * *

MR. GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY’S book on “The Amazons” (Griffiths, 10s. 6d. net) will be a terrible shock to the Poet Laureate, Professor Dicey, and others who base their right to the suffrage on their prowess in the field, whereas they deny the vote to women because they cannot fight. For Mr. Rothery proves that there have been organised bands of fighting women in every quarter of the world, and that the old myth of the Amazons, however much beautified by Greek imagination, has a basis of truth in the most diverse stages of civilisation. The legends, especially from the Caucasus and the Black Sea, are familiar to all. We suppose they were the records that Spenser had in mind when he wrote:—

“But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to bear most away.
And to all great exploits themselves inclined,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rule’s decay,
Gan coyne strait lawes to curb their liberty.”

But legends and histories of woman armies are found equally in the Far East, in Africa, and in South America. In fact, the Amazons of Dahomey were a visible force till just the other day, and in this volume Mr. Rothery has carefully collected all the known instances of Amazonian organisation, whether legendary or historic. Some evidently date from the matriarchal stage of history, when the ruling women were naturally also the greatest fighters. The idea of female communities he generally traces to the necessity of isolation and self-protection for the women of many races while the men were away on hunting or other labor. But he considers the female armies themselves had a far-off religious origin, the women being appointed partly as guards to the king, but chiefly as a sacrificial body to act as the king’s jailers, and in the end to assist in his self-immolation. The volume is of great interest, as throwing light on obscure phases of

early religion, and it should be studied side by side with the “Primitive Paternity” lately mentioned in these columns.

* * *

THE story which Miss Francesca M. Steele has to tell us in “The Beautiful Queen Joanna I. of Naples” (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. net) resembles in many respects, as she reminds us, that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Both were women of great personal charm—Joanna is frequently described as the most beautiful Queen who ever lived; both played an active part on the stage of history; both were charged by their opponents with the crime of murder, or at least something very like it; and both met with violent ends. Miss Steele believes that Joanna was guiltless of any complicity in the murder of Andrew of Hungary, and is able to cite Petrarch and Boccaccio in her favor. The evidence certainly points to a verdict of “not proven,” though when Louis of Hungary brought about Joanna’s death, it was probably in revenge for Andrew’s murder. As for Andrew himself, Miss Steele is probably right in describing him as “boorish,” though here again there is a conflict of evidence, since Petrarch thought him “the most gentle and inoffensive of men, a youth of a rare disposition, a prince of great hopes.” Andrew was succeeded in Joanna’s affections by three other husbands, the last of whom, Otho of Brunswick, played some part in the Great Schism, and survived her by fifteen years. Miss Steele’s account of Joanna and her times is told in a fresh and interesting manner. She is inclined to over-rate her heroine, but this is a weakness common to most biographers.

* * *

NATURE study has become so important a part of our educational curriculum that it is necessary continually to devise new methods of instruction, or to perfect those already in existence. One of the latest efforts to facilitate instruction of this kind is a series of three volumes on “Nature Teaching on the Blackboard,” compiled by Mr. W. P. Pycroft, F.Z.S., and Miss Janet Harvey Kelman (Caxton Publishing Company, 7s. 6d. net each), the object of which is to assist teachers in the use of the blackboard in nature teaching, by providing facsimiles of blackboard drawings of plant and animal life, together with explanatory notes on the objects reproduced. The first volume, which lies before us, deals with thirty-four examples of plant life, and may be said to fulfil the conditions of success as laid down in the preface. The chief condition is that the drawings must be simple enough to be reproduced by any teacher possessing a rudimentary knowledge of draughtsmanship. Stress is also laid upon the fact that the drawings can only be helpful in such lessons when they are used along with actual specimens of the plants illustrated; it is recommended, therefore, that every pupil should be provided with a specimen, and the subjects have been chosen with a view to making this easy. The nature of the medium of reproduction has also been carefully considered. The work is certainly novel in its scope, and suggests possibilities, above and beyond its immediate didactic value, for the more intelligent class of nature instructors.

* * *

IN “The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs” (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson declares that it has been his aim “to deal only with those superstitions and customs which are operative at the present time.” The result is a shock to our boasted materialism, for this volume of 235 pages is closely packed with those living superstitions, or superstitious customs, nor do we think that Mr. Knowlson has exhausted the list. The only comfort is that a good proportion of such observances are only practised by children, and the less educated section of the population. He divides his work into four parts, dealing respectively with “Superstitions and Customs relating to Days and Seasons,” “Marriage Superstitions and Customs,” “Divination and Omens,” and “Miscellaneous.” Under the first heading we get such familiar subjects as “All Fools’ Day,” the British celebration of which appears to have had an exact counterpart in the ancient Huli Festival of the Hindoos; the unlucky reputation of May marriages, one of the most persistent of feminine superstitions, is dealt with rather critically in

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the second section; a host of interesting topics, including Dreams, Crystal Gazing, Color Superstitions, Spilling the Salt, and Thirteen at table, may be found in the next, while the note on Vampires, under "Miscellaneous," should be read, but—like Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula"—not just before going to bed. Mr. Knowlson acknowledges Brand's "Popular Antiquities" as his principal authority for a book which is full of good reading.

* * *

THE "Fortnightly Review" for September contains two articles on the Egyptian situation. Mr. Pelham Edgar asks the question, "Shall Egypt have a Constitution?" and answers it with a decided negative. The Egyptian, he holds, "is neither ripe nor perceptibly ripening for the privileges of constitutional freedom. . . . The alternative of our withdrawal from Egypt is emphatically not the establishment of free institutions there, but a brief reign of corruption to empty the Treasury, of oppression to fill it, and the Turk sitting cross-legged on the throne at the end of the carnival." Though Mr. Edgar admits that there is no need for the application of severe reactionary measures, he condemns Sir Eldon Gorst's policy, and bluntly says that "he could serve the Empire to better advantage elsewhere" than in Egypt. Writing on "The British in Egypt," Mr. Max Netherlands describes European education as a "most damnable factor which the British have encouraged." Mr. James Milne has an agreeable article on "The Personality of America." He praises American hospitality and criticises the American attitude to women. The American woman is, he thinks, indulged in every whim, and spoilt with kindness, but it rarely made her husband's companion and the sharer of his intellectual interests. One of the best articles in the number is a character sketch of Cardinal Rampolla, by Mr. Jasper Kemmis. Rampolla is described as a man of "dogged tenacity," consistently attached to the Papacy and willing to subordinate great personal ambitions to its interests; austere in character; a man to be admired or feared, but not loved. Mr. E. H. D. Sewell contributes a good summary of the events of the past cricket season, and Mr. Stephen Reynolds writes on "Divorce for the Poor," reaching the conclusion that, if divorce is to be remedial instead of punitive, "the main general ground—the only practicable ground—of divorce among the poor would be proven incapability on the part of husband and wife of carrying on a joint home fit for themselves and for their children to live in." Mr. Arthur Noyes contributes a poem, "Creation"; Miss Violet Hunt a short, powerful, rather wild story, "The Witness"; Miss K. L. Montgomery an appreciation of Mrs. Gaskell; and Mr. Arthur Ransome an estimate of "The Poetry of Yone Noguchi."

* * *

THE "Nineteenth Century" is a poor number. It opens with an article by Lord Cromer on "Free Trade in its Relation to Peace and War," in which the exacerbation of international relations, caused by exclusive trade, is dwelt upon, and the tendency of Free Trade to improve these relations enforced. It closes with a statement that "Free Trade mitigates, though it is powerless to remove, international animosities. Exclusive trade stimulates and aggravates those animosities. I do not, by any means, maintain that this argument is by itself conclusive against the adoption of a policy of Protection, if, on other grounds, the adoption of such a policy is deemed desirable; but it is one aspect of the question which, when the whole issue is under consideration, should not be left out of account." Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson demands the repeal of the land taxes, which he says "have descended upon the perturbed country like a blight on the harvest." No fresh argument is advanced to support the demand. In "Canada Growing Up" Captain Cecil Battine eulogises the Canadian Pacific Railway system, which he describes as "an object-lesson for all time, and a proof how much can be effected by the judicious use of State credit and well-devised expenditure on a mighty scale." The Earl of Cardigan discusses "The Problem of Railway Remounts," and science is represented by Sir E. Ray Lankester's article on "Heredity and the Direct Action of Environment." Of the literary articles in the number, the best are "The Genius of Gibbon," by the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke, and "The Centenary of Mrs. Gaskell," by Mr. Lewis Melville.

The Week in the City.

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Stock markets were much more lively in the earlier part of the week, and for a time it almost seemed that hopes of a revival of business were going to be justified. Precedent was all against them, for, as a general rule, the City's deepest holiday slumber lasts from mid-August to mid-September, but the optimism of the Stock Exchange often persuades itself that this year is to be an exception, and sometimes succeeds in giving the public a lead that it will follow. Home railway stocks seemed to be the most promising field this time. On the basis of the last dividend declarations, many of them yielded nearly five per cent. to the buyer, and during the current half-year traffic returns had been so encouraging that there was already no doubt about further improvements in dividends, apart from some disastrous accident such as a strike. The policy of co-operation and combination, which has now to a great extent displaced the reckless and wasteful competition of a former era, ought to result in further economies, and for these and other reasons professional operators thought they were justified in laying in some stock to meet an anticipated public demand. So far, however, the response of the public has been very timid and halting, and after a gallant effort the market showed signs of sinking back into neglect.

DEPRESSED RUBBER SHARES.

While other departments were rallying with some approach to vigor, the rubber market was more than ever neglected and unhappy, partly because the revival of old favorites put them still further out of fashion, but chiefly owing to the adverse effect of recent disclosures and disappointments. The public is now thoroughly mistrustful of the scene of its triumphs and disillusionments in the earlier part of the year, and many of the dealers are said to be short of shares and glad enough to take advantage of the present state of affairs by putting prices lower, so that they may supply their deficiencies on profitable terms. Oil shares, on the contrary, were rather livelier, but here, again, there was a marked exception in the case of Shell Transport, which paid for its former buoyancy by a heavy flop, due to sales by Continental gamblers, who had been imprudent enough to go out of their depth.

A BANK AMALGAMATION STOPPED.

Public opinion in Manchester, which has filled the columns of the "Manchester Guardian" with protests against the proposed amalgamation of Parr's Bank and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, has prevailed, and the amalgamation is dead. Manchester does not want London to do its banking for it, and the local customers of the Lancashire and Yorkshire were strong enough, and determined enough, to stop the scheme. Bank amalgamations have probably gone far enough for the present, and this check will do no harm.

MONEY MATTERS.

Lombard Street was in a state of great-trepidation and doubt concerning the Bank-rate. It was believed that a rise was very nearly decided on Thursday week, and in the meantime sovereigns have begun to go to Egypt in fair amounts. On the other hand, there was a big arrival of bar gold from South Africa, and there appeared to be a fair chance that the Bank would secure a substantial share of it, though the question remained for some days unsettled. With the position thus dubious, market rates of discount went well above the official rate, and there was something very like a deadlock. On Thursday morning the directors decided to leave the rate unchanged, but the rise can hardly be long delayed.

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